The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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WAIFS AND WHIMS.

A TRAVELER says it is true that many young Russians will eat candles. Of course they will; they eat up the candles so that they can kiss in the dark.

WHEN the affectionate father of five grown daughters calls at the hardware store for an extra stout pair of gate hinges, it means that the campaign has opened.

ANOTHER American girl is to marry a noble man. Why is it that our girls refuse to support their own countrymen? There is a lack of patriotism somewhere.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead
He loves not new-baked gingerbread?
Who, stepping through the kitchen door
On baking day, sees goodly store
Of fragrant, umber-shadowed cake,
And—half-unconscious—does not break
A ragged chunk?

YOUNG LAWYER: We doubt if the failure of the tailor to deliver your pants on time could be construed into a breach of promise. If you are really determined to bring an action, sue him for unfulfilled promise of breeches.

IT was while out fishing for shad with a piece of liver that Patrick Henry composed his address on the Declaration, beginning with those remarkable words: "Liver die, sinker swim," etc. —*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"WHAT, twenty-five cents a pound for sausages! Why, I can get 'em down at Schmidt's for twenty cents." "Vell, den, vy didn't yer?" "'Cause Schmidt is out of 'em." "Vell, den, uv I was out of 'em I sell 'em for twenty cents, too."

AN old lady recently visiting a prison asked one of the attendants why the prisoners received such coarse food. He told her it was to keep their blood from becoming impure. And when asked what they would do if their blood was impure, he dryly responded, "Break out."

PRICES move all articles. In winter, when there is no sale for ice, a man can slip and sprain his ankle on it at every corner; but when summer comes it goes up so high that two small lumps in a glass cost twenty cents, though, to be sure, the bar-keeper throws in a liquid chromo.

A CLERGYMAN in Massachusetts who exchanged pulpits with a brother clergyman last Sunday, was congratulated at the close of the service by a friend on the good attention given by his hearers. "Yes," was the reply, "there were only four asleep in the congregation."

A YOUNG fellow tried to scare a Brooklyn widow by appearing to her as her husband's ghost. But, as he was in the house about 12 o'clock at night and didn't appear drunk, she detected the fraud at once and thumped the intruder on the head with a fire shovel.

A YOUNG man may know that his girl is in need of a tooth brush, and yet if he gives her one she'll take it as an insult; but let them give her a bouquet that will wither in a few hours and she'll think he's just too nice for anything. But the fellow will marry that girl, because he wants a practical wife.

"I SAY, old lady," said a man on a country road the other day, "did you see a bicycle pass here just now?" "No, I didn't see no kind of a sickle, mister; but just now I seed a wagon wheel running away with a man. You kin believe it or not. I wouldn't if I hadn't seed it myself."

Now timeous winds, with indolence,
Sigh in the vale's profundity,
And hyperborean truculence
Has lost its injucundity,
While feathered cosmopolitans
In sweet compagnunction sing,
Ruricolists and oppidans
To perrenation seek the spring.

THE gentleman who had been off for a fishing excursion and sent a paragraph to the local paper saying, that "Mr. Jones has sent home a fine mess of 'speckled beauties,'" could not account for the warm reception from his wife, until he read that "Mr. Jones had been fined and sent home for a mess with some freckled beauties," and then he went for the newspaper man with a rod.

YOU remember the story of the guest who was eating more butter than biscuit, while the landlady looked on and fidgeted and hinted until she fairly went into a nervous fit. Finally she said: "Do you know butter is worth sixty-five cents a pound?" The hungry guest reached out and took what was left. "Well," he drawled, approvingly and reassuredly, "good butter is wuth it."—*Burdette.*

LONGFELLOW looks upon Sunday as "the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week." We thought it was that at first, when we saw a fellow with a cane and a book with a golden clasp going one Sunday towards the depot. But the cane was a fish pole that telescopes out, and the dingus with the golden clasp was a new fangled concern for carrying fish bait. It looked like a prayer book. Probably Mr. Longfellow has encountered the same kind of a tourist.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Girl Pound in China.

Moung Edwin, a Burmese, who has been educated in this country with the view of sending him as a Baptist missionary to Burmah, lectured recently in Baltimore. Speaking of the deplorable condition of women in the East, owing mainly to peculiar religious teachings, he said: "Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder, and therefore not to be punished. Where parents are too poor to support the girl children, they are disposed of in the following way: At regular intervals an appointed officer goes through a village and collects from poor parents all the girl children they cannot care for, when they are about eight days old. He has two large baskets attached to the ends of a bamboo pole and slung over his shoulder. Six infants are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighboring village and exposes them for sale. Mothers who desire to raise wives for their sons buy such as they may select. The others are taken to the Government asylum, of which there are many all through the country. If there is room there they are taken in, if not they are drowned."

BIBLE: To make your shirts bullet proof, have them ironed.

Prof. Huxley on Dogs.

In his second lecture on dogs at the Royal Institution in London, Prof. Huxley considered the problem of the origin of the domestic dog. He thought they could see their way to solving it if they began upon a solid basis of fact. Such a basis of fact was supplied by what they knew of the origin of dogs in North America. The Indians of the northwestern parts of America were all in possession of half-tame cur-like dogs, living in the same way as the dogs in Egypt—in a semi-independent condition. In the same country there existed a wild animal—the *Canis latrans*, or prairie wolf. It was impossible to point out any distinction between these prairie wolves and the domesticated dog of the Indians. It was somewhat difficult to understand how these wild and fierce animals could be tamed; and yet, when one knew their habits, it was easy enough. The smaller wolves and jackals, although predacious and fierce, were endowed with singular curiosity; this curiosity directed them toward man and his doings. There was not one of these animals which, if caught young—whether jackal or small wolf—could not be tamed and made as attached and devoted to man as any ordinary dog. It was not difficult to understand, therefore, how these animals became acquainted with man, how they became trained, and how from them sprang a race of domesticated animals which curiously enough, were far more attached to their masters and the animals with which they are brought up than to members of their own family If they could depend upon the fact that this one domestic dog originated in the taming of an indigenous wild animal, then the general problem of the origin of domestic dogs would take this form—could they find in all parts of the world in which domestic dogs were known wild stock so similar to the existing race of dogs that there was nothing unnatural in supposing that they had the same origin as the Indian dogs. They might trace dog-like animals further and further west, until, in Northern Africa, they had a whole series of kinds of dog-like animals, usually known as the jackals. He believed that these wild stocks were the source from which, in each case, the savages who originally began to tame dogs had derived their stock. This view was confirmed by archæological researches. They had preserved to them, on the monuments of Ancient Egypt, a great variety of forms of dogs, and it was significant that the further back they were the fewer were the varieties, until, at the time of the third and fourth dynasties—that is about 6,000 years ago—there were only two well marked forms of dog. One of them was a comparatively small cur-like dog, similar to that which was seen in the streets of Cairo at the present day, and the other was like a greyhound. The cur was, no doubt, a tame species of the wild jackal, and was still to be found in the same country; and, with respect to the greyhound, there was in Abyssinia a very long-headed dog, which was very much of the same form as the greyhound, and which, it could hardly be doubted, was the source from which it sprang. Assuming that there was no doubt that the origin of dogs could be traced to these sources, the more modified forms of the domestic animal were simply the result of the selected breeding, which had given rise to the same modification in dogs as it had done in the case of pigeons.

Chopin and His Little Visitor.

[Whitehall Review.]

A friend of mine, discovering that her little son had a remarkable aptitude for the piano, determined to procure for him the very best master living, or, in other words, Frederic Chopin. The great man at that time lived in a *cite* off the Rue St. Lazare, the name of which I can not at present recall, but it is the same in which Louis Enault now resides. The first thing struck the child on entering the salon—the child, now a man of over thirty, has told the story often—was the face of the great composer, the sallow, soul-eaten face, and the great luminous star eyes, and then his attention was drawn to a splendid bouquet of tea-roses that stood on a side-table. Chopin expressed his regret that he could not for the moment undertake to give lessons, as his health was so bad, but promised that his next pupil should be the little boy, who all the while gazed in mute admiration, first at Chopin, and then at the flowers.

When the mother—of well known personality in the artistic world, whose name I am not at liberty to reveal—rose to go, Chopin stepped quickly forward, took one of the tea-roses from the bouquet, and, kneeling down before the child to take him in his arms, said, as he gave him the flower, "Take this, *mon petit ami*, and say that Chopin gave it to you." Going down stairs, before even the child had gone many steps, the flower fell and the leaves were scattered. The poor little fellow gathered them together preciously, and shows them now as almost a holy relic, for ere many days had passed Frederic Chopin had breathed his last.

Blowing Out a Kerosene Lamp.

A very common method of extinguishing a kerosene lamp is to turn down the wick until only a minute flame is visible and then blow down the chimney. This is the most dangerous practise, being very frequently the cause of explosion. People who use kerosene lamps should make it an absolute rule never to attempt to extinguish a lighted lamp in that way. It is just as easy to blow into the lower end of the chimney as the top, except that the person blowing is required to stoop a little to do it. But the best way to extinguish the light is this: Turn the light up to full height. Then, with your mouth upon a level with the top of the chimney, and about a foot or more from it, blow horizontally over the top and the light will go out instantly. The blowing draws the air from the chimney, and without air, combustion cannot be sustained; hence the light goes out.

MRS. JULIA POLK has been engaged as the *prima donna* for Dudley Buck's new American comic opera "Deseret," which, as the title implies, deals with a Mormon subject.

HE PREFERRED THE ALMANAC.

BY PARNENAS MIX.

There stood alone upon the street a chap of gawky size,
Intensely gazing on a sign that hung before his eyes,
And known to those who daily pass from dinner and to dine
To be a watch that never run, though hung there as a sign.

Now fortune had of late adorned his honor with a gun,
And there within a well-worn vest, made up of stitch and hem
An old watch ticking with the dirt of years still on its wheel,
Was held securely in its place by a dangling chain of steel.

his chap who viewed the golden piece, and thought it quite immense,
Was led to think its works had cost no trifle of expense,
"Now time is money," he exclaimed, his mind was thinking—slight,
"And this here thing I know cost lots, and surely must be right.

"So now I'll set my new-bought piece exactly to dot,
And see if Sal, when I get home, don't like the way its sot."
So pulling out his brazen piece and rubbing on his knee,
He turned it up an hour too fast—the two did then agree.

Then stepping 'round he thought he'd view the other end and go;
For it was later than he thought—his watch had been too slow.
But there was printed on this side, in colors just as gay,
Another face just like the first, except in time of day:

"Now, time's a fraud and jewelry, too," this chap was quick to say,
"In places where they hang out things to tell the time of day,
And ain't got sense enough to print in letters we might see,
The fact that she ain't runnin', or that they had lost the key.

"Now all I've got to say is they ain't hurtin' me a bit,
And when they try this foolin' game they'll find that I've got grit,
While Sal, I know, when she hears this she'll give 'em all her slack,
And I will henceforth set my watch by some good almanac."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

IN DREAMS.

She comes to me in dreams,
Just as of old;
With form of fragile grace,
The sweet remembered face.
Even her garment's fold
If just the same—
In dreams she comes to me.
Only in dreams.

She comes to me in dreams,
No change is there,
No gathering shade of gloom,
No hint of coming doom,
Is on her face so fair.
In dreams she comes to me,
Only in dreams.

She comes to me in dreams,
When glittering light
Shall drive earth's clouds away,
And with its welcome ray
Bring the long looked for day,
Heaven's morning bright—
Then will she come to me;
Or must it ever be
That I her face shall see,
Only in dreams?

—*Boston Journal.*

PARTNERS.

"I want a partner," said a little fop;
"She must have nimble feet and pretty face;
One who can thread the merry dance and hop
Though all the dances with becoming grace.
I'll lead her proudly through the stately ball—
Circling round, or gliding left and right—
I want a girl that shall eclipse them all,
To be my partner through this nirthful night."

"I want a partner," said a thoughtful youth,
"She must have inward grace and modest look;
A heart for duty, eyes lit up with truth—
Words as gentle as the whispering brook;
I'll lead her gently through life's checkered way,
My own beloved and ever loving wife;
I want a girl that woman's part can play,
To be my partner through this changeful life."

THE THREATENING LETTER.

The present is not the only famine which has visited Ireland. There was one in 1821 which the people years after referred to as "The Dear Summer," and such an appellation was richly deserved. Potatoes, the stample food of the poor, rose from one cent per stone (fourteen pounds) to twenty-eight cents that year; oat-meal was as high as twenty cents per quart, and starvation was threatened. In Castlebar, County Mayo (where great trouble is now,) tickets were given out for oat-meal according to the number of mouths in each family. This was done by a committee appointed for that purpose; and I remember that people claimed that the said committee had the best of the supplies to themselves, for a song called "The Committee Meal" was sung in the street, of which I can only remember the following couplet ending one of the verses:

"Many a quaigher of prime mutton an' vale (veal)
Was gained by the bilers and com-mittee male (meal)."

The allusion to the "bilers" meant the vessels in which soup was made for distribution, and I distinctly remember the constables beating away the poor creatures who came with their cans to get some. When brighter times began to dawn another street-ballad made its appearance, commencing:

"Come, all ye brave sons of ould Graun
Take courage and don't be in grief;
Our merciful Father in heaven
He soon will afford us relief."

Evictions, too, were frequent and the little cabins which the poor people had owned for years used to be levelled with the ground and the poor inmates turned adrift to do the best they could, and many who were old and feeble did not survive it. This was usually done under the protection of two or three companies of soldiers, and years afterward, when I was a soldier myself, and saw this work done by men of my own regiment I felt disgusted with a government which would put the country's defenders to such dirty work. The landlords were, of course hated for this work, and vengeance was vowed against them, and indeed it often proved to be no idle threat.

The regiment I belonged to in 1843 had but just returned from a service of eleven years in British North America. In 1814 I was stationed in Oughterard, County Galway, where I was promoted to be a non-commissioned officer on the 1st of March, 1844, and sent to join the headquarters in my native town, Castlebar. The spring Assizes commenced about the middle of this month, and one day I strolled into the Criminal Court, wearing my cap (for an English soldier never uncovers except when taking the oath—not even in the presence of royalty).

At this period Ireland was greatly agitated. There were many evictions by landlords, and O'Connell and several of his followers had just been arrested by the Government for sedition. One young landlord, who had but shortly before succeeded to the estate, on the death of his father, made himself especially obnoxious, and was hated accordingly. When I entered the court-room I found it crowded and was informed that a man was to be tried for sending a threatening letter to his landlord (the young man in question) an offense which involved transportation for several years.

The crier suddenly called "silence," and the clerk of the crown called "Patrick Mulready."

A small farmer who owned only two or three acres appeared at the front of the prisoner's dock. He was dressed in the ordinary frieze coat and corduroy breeches worn by laboring men, and seemed scarcely to realize his position, as he smiled when he came forward and looked round at the crowd. The clerk then proceeded to address the prisoner thus: "Prisoner at the bar: You have been indicted by the Grand Jury of the County of Mayo for having on or about the 10th day of September, 1843, and the seventh year of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, sent a threatening letter to Charles Lavella, Esq., of Balla, in County of Mayo, in that part of Her Majesty's dominions called Ireland, against the peace of Our Sovereign Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity. How say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," replied the prisoner.

"How will you be tried?" asked the clerk.

'By God and my country," responded the prisoner, who was defended by a barrister named Bourke, a very eloquent man, and an excellent lawyer, with a slight impediment in his speech.

A jury was soon empanelled and sworn, and the counsel for the crown rose and briefly stating the case, concluding by reading the letter as follows:

AUGHAGOWER, December 9, 1843.

SIR:—The reputation left by your late excellent father has been tarnished by you, and your tyranny to, and persecution of your tenants has aroused the indignation of every individual on the estate. There are poor people here whose forefathers held their little cabins and patches of ground from generation to generation for centuries. Indeed the quantrain below would apply in all its force to him who now addresses you:

I can trace back time to a far distant date
When my forefathers plowed in your field,
And the farm I now hold on your honor's estate
Is the same which my grandfather tilled.
Consider this, sir, and consider also whether your intolerance, your tyranny, your oppression and your threatened evictions will be borne much longer by a long suffering tenantry. You have now fair warning, and if you do not change your policy, and that soon, you may prepare your coffin, for by the living God you will no longer be permitted to encumber the earth. Be warned in time,

CAPTAIN ROCK.

The first witness called was the village postmaster, who also kept a small grocery. He swore positively that on the day postmarked on the letter, the prisoner, whom he well knew, came in to post a letter, and subsequently purchased some tea and sugar. After he went out he (the postmaster) took the letters from the box (about twenty in number) and stamped them; he noticed that one of them was addressed to the landlord in question, but was not sufficiently acquainted with the prisoner's hand-writing to say if the latter wrote it or not.

Counsel for the Crown—"You say you know the prisoner well?"

A.—"Yes, sir."

Counsel for Crown—"Mr. Crier, hand your rod to the witness."

The crier did as he was directed.

"Place the rod on the head of the person who bought the tea and sugar and posted a letter with you on the 10th of December, 1843."

The witness turned around slowly and, facing the prisoner, placed the end of the rod on his head. This is the manner of identification practiced in English courts.

Counsel for Crown—"That will do."

Counsel for Bourke declined to cross-examine the witness.

The next witness called was the land agent or bailiff on the estate. As he made his appearance some hisses were given, but were immediately suppressed by the court. He said he knew the prisoner well; had seen him write his name once or twice; was almost certain that the address on the outside was in his hand-writing, particularly as he had seen him when writing his name, with the words "Aughagower, County Mayo." after it. He was somewhat disaffected and dangerous. The same mode of identification followed, and then Counsellor Bourke took him in hand, and cross-examined him so adroitly that he completely broke down all his direct testimony. Instead of knowing the prisoner thoroughly, as he swore, he admitted that he only saw him when collecting the rents at his farm once in six month, and then he once saw him at the landlord's; that after paying his rent on all occasions, the prisoner scribbled his name on the back of his receipt, and added the words "Aughagower, County Mayo." He then was compelled to modify his direct testimony so far as to say that he believed the hand-writing was the same, and to this he stuck fast. Every one saw, however, that the testimony for the prosecution was materially weakened. Counsel then asked:

"Are you aware of the state of this man's mind? Do you think him responsible for his acts?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you come to such a conclusion?"

"Well, when he paid his rent he was always very anxious for the receipt, and invariably wrote his name and the name of the village and county on the back."

"You consider that fact an evidence of a well-balanced mind?"

"I could scarcely say what to call it. It seemed eccentric to be sure, but then again it might have been done for the purpose of identifying the receipts hereafter. However, I suppose he has the receipts still."

"I suppose he has."

"Then let him produce them, and prove his innocence."

"Much obliged for the suggestion, but we do not intend to avail ourselves of it, even if the receipts were in court, which they are not. They are safely locked up at his home in Aughagower."

Here the judge was seen to smile in a peculiar manner. A number of other witnesses were examined, but while on the direct examination they were certain as to the writing, they were fain to admit on cross-examination that they could not positively identify it as that of the prisoner.

The defense having closed, Counsellor Bourke rose, amid breathless silence, to sum up for the prisoner. He commenced in what was considered a rather funny way. He said, "Paddy, my boy, just look at the jury, will you?" Paddy obeyed, with a sort of vacant smile, and Mr. Bourke proceeded thus: "My Lord, and gentlemen of the jury. Were it not that I owe a certain duty to my poor client, I would not say one word, but would let this case rest here, and leave it entirely in your hands. Look at the jury, Paddy. Now, my lord and gentlemen, I ask you in return to look at my client, and I'll be bound to say that when you have well looked you will come to the conclusion that you never set your eyes upon a more stupid being in the whole course of your existence." [Sensation and exclamations of astonishment, which terminated in roars of laughter.] "Just look at him gentlemen, and say if in your consciences you can believe that such a stupid creature—I was going to say ass—could use such language as is embodied in the letter which I shall now read to you:

SIR: The reputation left you by your late lamented father has been tarnished —"

I wish I could convey on paper some idea of the expression of his countenance as he turned to the prisoner and asked,

"What is the meaning of tarnished, Paddy?"

A roar of laughter followed, and I turned to look at the prisoner. Great God! was that the same face I saw when he first stood in the dock. A smile of the most intense idiocy was on his countenance. His head hung upon one side as he leered at his counsel, and breaking into a regular imbecile laugh, said:

"Och, musha, how do I know (surplacing the personal pronoun); may vee ya know yersel."

"The prisoner will be silent," commanded the judge.

"Don't speak a word Paddy," said the counsel. "I'll do all the talking."

Mr. Bourke continued reading in a manner which excited considerable merriment, until he came to the word 'quatrain,' in relation to the political quotation, when again he turned to the prisoner, and said:

"Who knows Paddy, but you can tell what a quatrain is?"

"Av coorse I know fot a quart is, an' I wish to the Lord I had a full one now, for I'm mighty dhry, so I am."

The crier cried "silence," the judge frowned and the counsel soon after closed by demanding a triumphant acquittal for his client.

There was no rebuttal. Here a prosecuting counsel would bring experts to prove that the idiocy was feigned, but in Ireland, where the assizes seldom last over a week, there was no time for such nonsense. Had Hayden, of Connecticut, been tried there his fate would have been decided in a few hours. This trial was over in an hour.

The judge presented the case very fairly to the jury. With regard to the idiotic plea, he said:

"Gentlemen, the point taken by counsel as to such a man as the prisoner being capable of writing so well worded a letter is worthy of our serious attention. One would, indeed, think it impossible that a man presenting such an appearance as the prisoner did to-day before you could be the author of such a letter as you have heard read. However, that is entirely for you to determine, gentlemen. I have only to add that if you have a doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, you must give him the full benefit of that doubt."

"Will your lordship," asked the foreman of the jury, "permit the prisoner to hand up a specimen of his writing for the inspection of the jury?"

"No, gentlemen," replied the judge, "that cannot be. Because, gentlemen, it is a well settled principle of law that no man can be compelled to testify against himself."

The jury then retired and returned in about fifteen minutes. The crier raised his rod to the box, and the foreman placed a large sealed package tied up with red tape thereon. This was handed to the clerk, who having opened it, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to your verdict. You say that Patrick Mulready, the prisoner at the bar, is not guilty, and so say you all."

The jury responding affirmatively, the prisoner walked out of the dock smiling, and was soon surrounded by friends, who shook his hand warmly. I was introduced to Mr. Bourke by one of the other barristers who knew me, and he introduced me to Mr. Mulready. "O! begorra!" said the latter, "I don't care to be talkin' to sogers; they're dangerous cattle." He was assured, however, that I might be relied on, and he then said: "Well, I want to put a few miles between me and Castlebar as soon as possible, for my wife and family will be anxious. But here is my address; come and see me, and I'll entertain you well."

I took him at his word, and when the assizes were over I went to see him. He had a handsome wife and two beautiful children. He brought a keg of whisky, "which," said he, "was never seen by the guager," and he and his family treated me like a prince. I was surprised at his surperior knowledge, and ventured to refer to it at parting.

"Ah," said he, laughing, "You remember that farce, do you? Well, I think it was well done, but faix, Counsellor Bourke an' meesel' practiced it for a week."

"Then you wrote that letter?" said I.

"Easy, my boy." Then resuming his idiotic look and changing to one of extreme cunning he said. "The laste said is soonest mended. One thing I may say, and that's not two about it is, that my friend, the landlord, has learned a lesson that he won't soon forget. Already he has lowered my rent, and I think he'll do the same with others. So although I was put to considerable expense and trouble that letter didn't do any harm. And now God be with you."

We shook hands and parted, and I never saw him again.

A "Tenderfoot's" Experience with a Comanche Pony.

[Denver Tribune.]

The one thing, however, in which the tenderfoot is most likely to miss connection and run away behind the schedule is "the mounting a wild steed of the plains." There is an immense amount of uncertainty in this procedure, though there is not the slightest trace of uncertainty in the steed—all Westerners know just exactly what the average animals will do. Last Monday a very nice young fellow, who had arrived just the day before from Boston, set out to purchase a pony. He went to one or two corrals without being suited, but finally in the third he found just the animal he desired. The man told him that it was a Comanche pony, and the quietest little brute that ever struck the plains, but despite all the arguments and recommendations of the owner, the young man was determined to try the animal before purchasing, and so while he donned a pair of spurs, four men and two good-sized boys saddled the Comanche pony and held him within the corral. The young man was a graduate of the swell Boston riding-school, and his bosom swelled somewhat with pride as he reflected on the lesson in grace and skill he would now give the border ruffians who were congregated about. As he came out into the corral he noticed two men getting behind the pump, and three more crawling up on the roof of the shed in the corner. He said nothing, but thought it odd. Then he placed his left foot in the stirrup and vaulted airily and gracefully into the saddle, while the four men and two good-sized boys let go the pony and turned and fled at the top of their speed.

Airily and gracefully the young man vaulted into the saddle, and almost instantly he ascended airily and gracefully into the blue ether above. There was a puzzled expression, as of surprise and thought, flashed across his face, and as he again struck the saddle and for the second time wandered upwards, he had an uncomfortable look about him, as though he would like to ask some questions, but couldn't. Into the saddle again and then into the atmosphere with a whirl and a rush, that made the two men behind the pump shudder. Up, up, he went. He could see the roof of the Grand Central and could readily distinguish the new Court-house in Golden. The view was grand and extended, but he didn't seem thoroughly satisfied, and he looked troubled, and as though he wished he was absent. Then he began to descend, and about the time he was due in the saddle, he struck the ground, and knocked his boots about his neck, and drove his spinal column four inches into his brain. They shoveled him up, and took him to his hotel, and the next day, Tuesday, he was sewn up in a canvas sack, and shipped back to his home in Massachusetts. It was his first bucking, and probably his last. He said, when he first returned to consciousness, that he had often heard of the surprising agility of Western ponies, but he hadn't known until now that they were fed on dynamite and nitro-glycerine and operated by a two hundred cell battery.

This is but one experience in many, and the new-comer who invests in a pony had better exercise considerable caution, and, even at an increased expenditure, get an animal with sufficient American blood in him to deprive him of his natural pure cussedness, and act as a sort of check on a wild tendency to buck.

Things We Don't Know.

Doubtless man is a very wise animal, but there are some things he does not know.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong on the grass, or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly, amid your admiration of this matchless dance, a peculiar high-shouldered, vicious knat, with long pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and, settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting.

What possessed the little wretch to do this?

Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance?

No one knows.

A flock of geese seem to be fairly under your carriage wheels, almost under the horses' hoofs, and yet they somehow contrive to flap and waddle off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to any emergency.

Why does the lonely wood-pecker, when he descends his tree to drink, stop several times on the way, listen and look round before he takes his draught?

No one knows.

How is it that the species of ants which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be black, or negro ants?

No one knows.

Many birds seem to understand how to judge danger and how to avoid it, but man cannot understand how or why they know it, and never will.

THE manager of the Globe Theatre, Boston, hired a short-hand reporter for $250 to take down the words of "The Pirates of Penzance," while it was being performed in that house. It is presumed that he intended to use the piece in other parts of New England without permission; but it failed to draw in Boston, and he abandoned the idea. The stenographer is now suing for his pay.

THE exasperated owner of a corner store in Augusta, Me., has put up a sign reading: "Wanted, the ten laziest men in town—to loaf on this corner."

"MY Colt's revolver has grown so old that I shall hereafter call it my horse pistol," said Syllabub, who is very precise as to facts.

ADELAIDE NEILSON is preparing to give America one more last, long, lingering farewell.

"I die content," said the fly to the baker's dough. "Somebody will take me for a currant."

THOUGHTS FOR SUNDAY.

To live long is necessary to live slowly. —*Cicero.*

THE source of a craving vanity is often a restless modesty, that longs to hear something better itself than it thinks of itself.

HE who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

WE should give as we receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—*Seneca.*

To fill the sphere which providence appoints is true wisdom; to discharge trusts faithfully and live exalted ideas, that is the mission of good men.

MEN, not having been able to cure death, misery and ignorance, have imagined to make themselves happy by not thinking of these things.—*Pascal.*

"Possessions vanish, and opinions change
And passions hold a fleeting way,
Nought neither to eclipse or wane,
Duty remains."

WHO can speak broader than he who has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.—*Shakespeare.*

ONE who is content with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do. He has lain down to die.—*Bovee.*

FEELINGS come and go like light troops following the victory of the present, but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

AN angry man who suppresses his passion thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide speaks worse than he thinks.—*Bacon.*

PLATO will have disciples, but Socrates will have adorers; because, if the one knew how to think, the other knew how to die.—*Castelar.*

THE winter's frost must rend the burr of the nut before the fruit is seen. So adversity tempers the human heart to discover its real worth.—*De Balzac.*

THERE is nothing more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to produce as a proof that he has lived long except his years.—*Seneca.*

So live that when old age has crept upon you, you will have else than years to offer in evidence of the long road you have passed over.—*Mullen.*

THINK well before you speak that your words may express the result of study and carry with them gems of thought that will be remembered.—*Mullen.*

How quietly flows the river toward the sea, it always reaches its destination. This is a point to remember when you are trying to "rush things."—*New Haven Register.*

WASTE no time in reading worthless books; with the works of so many renowned authors to elect from it is an easy matter to select such literature as will improve your mind and increase your store of information.—*Mullen.*

THE happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore, guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

PERSEVERE in whatever calling you adopt; your progress may be slow and results seemingly meager, but remember how the little brook persistently winds its way to the river, and the river to the ocean—both reach their destination.—*Mullen.*

IT is better to let trouble come all the way to you than to meet it half way—let the bright side of life be your study—when clouds gather over you peer through them for the sun rays; if thorns obstruct your pathway brush them aside and beneath them look for the hidden flowers that in their modest seclusion await your seeking.

The Loquacious Bird.

Parrots are so very disagreeable to most people who count themselves well regulated that these probably have no idea how many of the squawking birds are imported into the country for sale. Thousands are disposed of annually, and the demand is said to be growing. In the large cities, like New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans, they find a ready market, and also in many of the minor towns. New England is reputed to have a prejudice—to its credit be it said—against parrots, which is hardly equaled by any other section. The people of the Southern States generally like them more than those of the Northern States do; but they are far greater favorites with foreigners, as a rule, than they are with Americans. The best, or least bad, parrots are brought hither from the Windward or Southern Caribbee Islands. They are larger, hardier, and more intelligent than those from any other district in this hemisphere, and stand very well commercially. They build their nests in the royal palmetto tree, finding or digging a hole there after the manner of a woodpecker, and so encoucing themselves that it is necessary often to cut the tree down in order to capture the young. These are put into cages, fed on palmiche, guave, and banana for a few months, when they will eat anything. The breeding time is May; there are rarely more than three to the nest, and they reach their full growth in eight months. Almost any parrot can learn to talk when young, if placed where it can hear talking, for its power of imitation is instinctive. It seldom forgets what it has once been taught, a peculiarity which makes a parrot that has been instructed in profanity a very undesirable companion for a pious family. Indeed, its love of the improper and interdicted seems to be so inbred that some people have thought it endowed with human attributes. One of its inhuman traits is its monogamousness, said to be found in all of the three hundred or more varieties, which renders it anything but a favorite in Utah. The parrot is indigenous to warm parts of America, Asia, Africa, and Australia.

ONE of those men who cheat others on mining shares and make their living by swindling, was shot in Leadville a week ago. Death loves a mining shark.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1880.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Pos Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1880.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its twenty-eighth (28th) volume on January 1st, 1880.

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Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1880.

Democratic State Convention.

THURSDAY, the 17th day of June, is the day and Raleigh the place, chosen by the State Executive Committee, for the assembling of the Democratic State Convention.

—The Democratic National Convention will meet at the Music Hall in Cincinnati, on June 22nd. The best ticket we have heard spoken of is Bayard and Haughton. We hope wise counsels will prevail.

—RAY COUNTY.—At the recent Democratic Convention, held at Dobson, Gov. Jarvis was declared the choice of the Convention for Governor. Seven townships declared for Jarvis, and four for Fowle, and was subsequently, upon motion, made unanimous for Jarvis.

—Hon. Lyman Trumbull has been nominated for Governor by the Ohio Democrats, and Louis B. Parsons for Lieutenant Governor.

The Greenbackers nominated B. Weaver for President, and C. J. Chambers, of Texas, for Vice President.

Late News Items.

The destruction of Titusville, Penn., was caused by a stroke of lightning. The bolt struck an oil tank containing twenty thousand gallons, which immediately exploded with a terrific noise. In a short time two other great tanks, each holding thirty thousand gallons were also in flames.

In a very short time the lower part of Titusville was in a blaze, and before the fire could be controlled two hundred and fifty thousand barrels of oil and an immense amount of property were destroyed.

Ex-Senator James A. Bayard, of Delaware died Sunday morning.

The appointment of Gen. Longstreet as Minister to Turkey has been comfirmed.

During the late rain and hail storms in Davidson County, 150 acres of wheat belonging to Col. Thos. M. Holt was destroyed and the wheat in other sections of the county seriously damaged.

The Judicial Convention 5th district.

DURHAM, N. C., June 15, 1880.—The Judicial Convention for the 5th District, composed of the following counties met in Durham at noon today: Alamance, Randolph, Guildford, Chatham, Orange, Granville, Franklin, Person, Caswell, and Rockingham.

Every county in the district was represented.

The Hon. John A. Gilmer of Guilford, Hon. John Manning of Chatham, Hon. Thomas Ruffin of Orange, and J. W. Hayes of Granville were placed in nomination. Balloting begun at 1 o'clock, and continued until 5 o'clock p. m.

On the 17th ballot the Hon. J. A. Gilmer received one hundred and eighty-seven votes, and was declared the nominee of the convention.

The nomination was made unanimous.—*Patriot.*

—The Local Ministers' Conference and Camp-meeting will be held at Rutherford College, commencing July 21st.

The Local conference is now a delegated body, consisting of two or more Delegates from each Presiding Elder's district. Rev. F. W. Heptinstall is the President, and L. Branson, Secretary. The Conference was permanently established in 1870, since which time it has held regular meetings annually.

It represents the Local Ministers in this State—about 300 in number. This is a body of energetic workers, peculiar to Methodism.

They do a large amount of Missionary work without expense to church.

Remember to attend the Local Conference and Camp-meeting at Rutherford College, July 21st.

—President Hayes has appointed Hon. Z. B. Vance a member of the Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

President Hayes and Sherman on Arthur.

The Republicans are about to be condemned out of their own mouths. See what President Hayes and others said about the candidate for vice-President, before he was nominated:

"You have made the custom house a centre of partisan political management."—*R. B. Hayes to Collector Arthur, January 31, 1879.*

"With a deep sense of my obligations under the Constitution, I regard it as my plain duty to suspend you in order that the office may be estly administered."—*R. B. Hayes to Collector Arthur, January 31, 1879.*

"Gross abuses of administration have continued and increased during your incumbency."—*John Sherman to Collector Arthur, January 31, 1879.*

"Persons have been regularly paid by you who have rendered little or no service; the expenses of your office have increased, while its receipts have diminished. Bribes, or gratuities in the shape of bribes have been received by your subordinates in several branches of the custom house, and you have in no case supported the effort to correct these abuses."—*Secretary Sherman to Collector Arthur, January 31, 1879.*

BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS OF THE DEMOCRACY.—The feeling is rapidly spreading that if the Democrats do not carry the next presidential election it will be their own fault; and there is evidently a general resolve that they will

We believe now that great care will be taken in the selection of a candidate, and that the candidate, whoever he may be, will receive the hearty and almost unanimous support of the party.

Beyond the disagreement in reference to candidates, beyond the difference on the third-term question, there seems to be a feeling in the ranks of the Republicans that their party has survived its usefulness and might as well be disbanded.

Tho prospects of the Democracy are brightening.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A large number of our best citizens were appointed on Saturday, the 5th inst., as delegates to the State and district conventions. It would be good if all were to go, but as this is not likely to be the case, we trust that at least a large delegation will go.—*Lexington Exchange.*

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.—The document begins with a brief report of the administration of the Republican party in the past twenty years. It recites the suppression of a rebellion which called into the field nearly a million men to subvert the national authority; its reconstruction of the Union with freedom instead of slavery as its corner-stone; its transformation of four millions of beings from the likeness of things to the rank of citizens; its relief of Congress from the infamous work of hunting fugitive slaves: the raising of the currency from thirty-eight per cent to the par of gold; its restoration upon a solid basis; the payment in coin for all national obligations; and the gift of a currency absolutely good and equally good in all parts of our extended country. Railways have increased from 31,000 miles in 1860 to 82,000 in 1879. The foreign trade has increased from $700,000,000 to $1,100,000,000 and the exports from $20,000,000 less than the imports in 1860 to $200,064,000 more than the imports in 1879. It then continues to felicitate the party financially in sundry ways, mainly industrial and financial, and asks for the continued confidence and support of the people. After this it submits a series of affirmations concerning the monetary solidity of the nation; the nationality of the United States in contradistinction to a State confederation; the duty of the general Government in respect of popular education; a recommendation that State Legislatures be forbidden to enact any law respecting an establishment of religion and also the appropriation of public funds to the support of sectarian schools; the belief that revenues should be raised so as to favor American labor, that no more land grants shall be made to Railways, and that polygamy, the twin barbarity of slavery, must die; a welcome to all emigrants except the Chinese, who come to enjoy the privellege of our country without participating in the obligations of citizenship, and calling on the Government to take cognizance of the troubles of the Pacific coast; a tribute to the purity and patrotism of Rutherford B. Hayes in peace and war, and to his efficient, honest and courteous fulfillment of the public business.

It then charges on the Democratic party the habitual sacrifice of patriotism and justice to a supreme and insatiable lust of office and patronage, and details, though in general terms, its course of unscrupulous grasping for place and power at whatever cost. It closes as follows: "And we affirm it to be the duty and purpose of the Republican party to use all legal means to restore all the States of this Union to the most perfect harmony which may be practical, and we submit it to the practical, sensible people of the United States to say whether it would not be dangerous to the dearest interests of our country at this time to surrender the administration of the national Government to a party which seeks to overthrow the existing policy under which we are so prosperous, and thus bring distrust and confusion where there is now order, confidence and hope."

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON D. C.,
June 12th, 1880.

Dear Press:—Notwithstanding the depressing influence of the extremely hot weather, the excitement here during the sitting of the Chicago Convention was intense. Senator Blaine had a private wire leading to his residence on K. St., and received returns after each ballot. He was very much exercised over his candidacy, and is said to have scarcely eaten or slept during the sitting of the convention. Secretary Sherman who had his headquarters in the Corcoran Building, just opposite the Treasury Department, took things more philosophically. Edmunds was as cool as a pickled cucumber, while Windom wore a weary and somewhat puzzled look as he pored over the bulletin at the Capitol, and calculated the difference between 300 votes and 10. The feeling here was decidedly in favor of Grant, and so great was the disappointment when it was announced that Garfield had received the nomination, that an attempt to give him three cheers at Willard's Hotel met with no enthusiasm whatever. The general opinion, however, appears to be that he is a strong candidate, notwithstanding the stone which he has about his neck in the person of General Arthur. I have just returned from a visit to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., where I went to attend the graduating exercises and ball. While there I saw Cadet Midshipman Grant glad to say that he is well and that he is doing well in his studies. Senator Vance was on the Board of Vistors to the Academy. In Congress they are finishing up the work of the session and expect to adjourn by the 16th. The Kellogg-Spofford resolutions have again come up in the Senate, and yesterday there was quite a lively debate between Hill of Georgia, who spoke in favor of them, and the South Carolina Senators, who oppose them. In the House Bayard's Deputy Marshalls bill is under consideration.

CON.

—There have been five duels in Camden, S. C., within a month; no one killed.

STATE NEWS.

—Col. W. S. Hicks, Superintendent of the penitentiary, paid over to the Treasurer on Monday $533, money derived from the sale of brick and stone and from hiring out convicts as cotton choppers.—*News.*

—Salisbury *Watchman*: The Rev. C. H. Bernheim, laboring in Davidson county, reports the accidental discovery recently, of what is believed to be a very important gold mine in that county. It is about 4 miles from Silver Hill and between it and the Edmond's mine.

—A destructive fire occurred on last Tuesday night, at the Samuel Christian Gold mine, in Montgomery county, 12 miles from Albemarle, in which the commissary department of the mine was totally destroyed, consuming a considerable quantity of bacon, hams, corn, fish, etc.

—The Statesville *Landmark* says that a squad of revenue officers, in command of Capt. Abe Bryan, was fired upon by moonshiners on Lewis's Fork, Wilkes county, last Monday, and C. C. Crumpler, one the party, was shot through the body. His wound while dangerous is not considered as necessarily fatal.

—Wilmington *Star*: We were favored with a visit one day last week from Jemmie Darden, son of Robert J. Darden, of Wilson county, N. C. This young man was seven years old last November, weighs one hundred pounds, is a large, stout boy and sports quite a monstache. He was accompanied by his father. Jemmie is a specimen of a North Carolina boy that would "take the primium," anywhere.

—Statesville *American*: On Friday last Revenue Agent Kellogg caused the registered distillery of Hiram Ellis, about six miles south of this place, to be seized for violation of the internal revenue laws. The violation in this instance consisted in Ellis's having refilled a barrel which he had sold a few days before, the same having been returned to him without having the stamp cancelled. Ellis was arrested, tried and pleaded guilty, and was required to give bail in $1,000, but afterwards made his escape from the officer.

—The Statesville *Landmark* says that for some time past there have been losses on the mail route from Marion to Bakersville. The Post-office Department has had its attention drawn to these, and officers of the department having worked up the case thoroughly, last Monday arrested John L. Dixon, postmaster at Grassy Creek, Mitchell county. He was brought to Marion, tried by Commissioners W. F. Craige, and, in default of bail in $1,500, was committed to jail. The proofs against him are conclusive.

—Bingham School closed its session on last Saturday a week. The workmen have begun to raise the academy building in order to add another story under the present building. The present prospects indicate that there will be nearly, if not altogether, two hundred students here next session. Maj. Bingham has secured the assistance of another teacher for next session, and also one to take the place of Prof. R. B. Willis who withdraws from the school to prosecute his theological studies. There will be four assistant professors next session instead of three, as before,

—The Carolina Central Railway, extending from Wilmington to Shelby, N. C., with all its property, rights and franchises, were sold at auction in Wilmington last week, under a decree of foreclosure, for $1,200,000,—T. O. French and A. V. Graves, of New York; R. D. Murchison, of North Carolina; J. S. Whedbee, of Baltimore, and A. V. Stout, of New York, committee representing the first mortgage bondholders, were the purchasers.

HAUSER VS THE BANK OF STATESVILLE.—This is an action in which one Hauser, a citizen of Yadkin, brings suit against Sam'l McDowell Tate, as president of the late Bank of Statesville, for money deposited by said plaintiff in said bank and lost in the failure of that institution. Defendant alleges that he was not president of the bank, and never had more than a merely nominal connection with it; that he was published as president without his previous knowledge or consent, and that he had no interest in it or authority over its management either nearly or remotely, and that therefore he is not responsible, morally or otherwise, for any losses sustained by depositors or other creditors. The plaintiff claims that defendant's failure to deny his connection with the bank during its existence, and his failure to have his name stricken from the advertisement, constitute a *prima facie* case against him, and upon this ground ask judgment. The case was tried in Rowan court, and after a long and patient hearing the jury took it and gave the plaintiff a verdict. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court.

If the verdict stands the decision in the above case will open the door to almost numberless suits.

NEW DOCTORS.—The Board of the Medical Examiners of the State of North Carolina met in the city of Wilmington, May 10th, 1880, and remained in session five days. The following gentlemen were found duly qualified, and were accordingly licensed to practice medicine and surgery in North Carolina, to-wit: Richard Dilliard, Jr., Edenton; V. St. Clair McNider, Jackson; L. M. Powers, Plymouth; W. C. Galloway, Snow Hill; K. J. Powers Camera; J. McQ. Stansill, Rockingham; J. T. Schonwaid, Wilmington; R. H. Adams, Gastonia; L. W. Hunter, Charlotte; W. K. Anders, Gravel Hill; N. B. Herring, Toisnot; M. W. Hill, Statesville, E. T. Speed, Tarboro; S. J. Montague, Winston; J. L. Nicholson, Richlands; John Whitehead, Salisbury; T. W. Harris, Chapel Hill; H. T. Ivy, Fayetteville, A. H. Huntley, Wadesboro: D. B. Frontis, Lexington; J. A. Collins, Enfield; C. M. Pool, Salisbury; John Erwin, Villa Franca; G. H. West, Newton; G. E. Mathews, Ringwood; T. S. Burbank, Wilmington.

The next meeting will be held in Asheville, beginning on Monday before the last Tuesday in May, '81.

H. T. BAHNSON, M. D.,
Secretary Board of Medical Examiners of North Carolina.

LAWYERS.—The Supreme Court after a patient and thorough examination, directed licenses to practice law to issue to the following gentlemen, viz:—

Isaac Thomas Avery, Burke county.
Frederic Probie Barrow, Northampton.
William Robert Booker, Surry.
John Gaskins Bunch, Chowan.
Samuel James Calvert, Northampton.
Fleet Rose Cooper, Sampson.
Walter Eugene Daniel, Halifax.
Rufus Alexander Doughton, Alleghany.
William Campbell Douglass, Randolph.
William Carson Ervin, Caldwell.
Robert Andrew Flannigan, Cabarrus.
James Wiley Forbis, Guilford.
James Arias Fowlkes, Alleghany.
Romulus Cary Hawkins, Halifax.
Thomas Williams Hawkins, Warren.
Walter Richard Henry, Granville.
Samuel Carey Herrin, Haywood.
Erastus Beverly Jones, Forsyth.
Wesley Norwood Jones, Wake.
James Frederick Augustus Lamond, Wake.
George Henry McKeehan, Burke.
Lycurgus Elisha Mauney, Cherokee.
Benjamin Flanner Mayhew, Beaufort.
Walter Hart Neal, Richmond.
William Joseph Peele, Northampton.
James Pender, Edgecombe.
Samuel Jones Person, Cumberland.
William Hayes Polk, Warren.
Natt Augustus Reynolds, Buncombe.
Gaston Ahi Robbins, Randolph.
William Walter Scott, Jr., Caldwell.
Samuel Lloyd Sheep, Pasquotank.
Henry Fielding Slater, Wake.
Charles Spurgeon Vann, Hertford.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years one daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—*The Parents.*

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 30 to $1 40
Wheat, (red) " "	1 20 to 1 30
Corn, per bushel,	45 to 50
Oats, " "	40 to 50
Rye, " "	90 to 1 00
Barley, per bush	75 to 80
Flour, per hundred,	3 25 to 3 75
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	55 to 60
Peas, (white,) " "	65 to 70
Beans, (col'd,) " "	40 to 60
Beans, (white,)" "	75 to 90
Onion Setts, per bushel,	00 to 00
Pork,	6 to 10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	8 to 9
" Hams'	10 to 00
Green Apples per bushel,	0 00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen,	10 to 12½
Butter, per pound,	15 to 20
Tallow, " "	7 to 8
Beeswax " "	20 to 00
Flax Seed, per bushel,	1 00 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bush.	65 to 1 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	75 to 80
Cabbage, per pound,	1½ to 2
Chickens, per dozen,	0 00 to 0 00
Hay, per hundred,	50 to 60
Fodder, per hundred bdls,	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs,	00 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

REPORTED BY A. B. GORRELL.

Winston, N. C., June 16, 1880

Lugs, Common green	3 00 to 5 00
" Good working	5 00 to 600
Fillers, Common leafy	5 50 to 7 00
" Good leafy	7 50 to 9 00
" Rich, waxy	10 00 to 12 00
Smokers, Common	5 00 to 7 00
" Good	7 50 to 9 00
" Fine	10 00 to 15 00
" Fancy	16 00 to 20 00
Rich, bright leaf	10 00 to 12 00
Sun cured fillers	7 00 to 11 00
Wrappers, Common bright	12 00 to 15 00
" Good bright	25 00 to 30 00
" Fine	35 00 to 50 00
" Fancy	50 00, 60 00 to 75 00
" Good red	12 00 to 16 00
Mahogany wrappers, common	14 00 to 18 00
" " good	20 00 to 50 00
" " fine	35 00 40 00 to 40 00

CHARLOTTE, June. 10.—Flour $3 00 a $3.25. Wheat 1 26 1a30. Corn 65 a 70. Oats 44 a 00. Bacon 7½ a 8. Potatoes, sweet, $0 00 a 0.

NEW YORK, June. 15.—Flour 5 a 5 60 Wheat $1 15 a $1 26. Corn 49 a 52. Oats 37 a 38.

CINCINNATI, June. 15.—Wheat 1 11 a 1 12; Corn 40 a 00; Cats, 33 a 00; Flour, $5 00 a 5 75.

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PAIN KILLER

A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY

For Internal and External Use,

Is a SURE CURE for all the Diseases for which it is recommended, and is ALWAYS PERFECTLY SAFE in the hands of even the most inexperienced persons.

It is a sure and quick remedy for COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CHILLS, and similar troubles; affords *instant relief in the most malignant forms* of DIPHTHERIA, and is the best known remedy for RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

THE OLDEST, BEST, AND MOST WIDELY KNOWN FAMILY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

It has been used with such wonderful success in all parts of the world for CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS, that it is considered an unfailing cure for these diseases.

HAS STOOD THE TEST OF 40 YEARS' CONSTANT USE IN ALL COUNTRIES AND CLIMATES.

It is RECOMMENDED by Physicians, Missionaries, Ministers, Managers of Plantations, Work-Shops, and Factories, Nurses in Hospitals—in short, by Everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL AS A LINIMENT.

It should always be used for Pain in the Back and Side, and brings speedy and permanent relief in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, Scalds, etc.

NO FAMILY CAN SAFELY BE WITHOUT IT. It will annually save many times its cost in doctors' bills, and its price brings it within the reach of all. It is sold at 25c. 50c. and $1.00 a bottle, and can be obtained from all druggists.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

Proprietors.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Hinshaw Brothers,

SHALLOWFORD ST., (OPPOSITE PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE).

WINSTON, N. C.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, General Merchandise, Guano,

Grass Seeds, Fertilizers and Country Produce.

OUR EFFORTS TO BUILD UP A LARGE TRADE HAS BEEN CROWNED with success, and we have been compelled to double the size and capacity of our former storehouse, which gives us the best arranged and most convenient store-rooms in the State. We have added very many articles to our stock and separated our wholesale department from the retail and made it very complete and we are now pleased to offer to the Spring trade both wholesale and retail a stock, in quality, variety and magnitude, never before equaled in this market, and with our increased facilities and renewed energy, we intend to offer our customers greater inducements than ever before, and by pursuing the same course as heretofore, we hope and expect to achieve still greater results, and to merit the same. We will continue to have in stock a full line of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Calicos	Ladies' H'dfs,	Cottonades,	Putty,	Coffee,
Lawns,	Ladies' Ruffs,	Linens,	Locks,	Sugar,
Piques,	Ladies' Shawls,	Jeans,	Hinges,	Syrup,
Linens,	Ladies' Kid Gloves,	Cassimeres,	Screws,	Soda,
Poplins,	Perfumery,	Doeskins,	Kettles,	Fish,
Worsteds,	Ribbons,	Broadcloths,	Mule Shoes,	Salt,
Cashmeres,	Insertings,	Fries' Jeans,	Horse Shoes,	Meat,
Silks,	Hamburg Edgings,	Counterpanes,	Mattocks, Hoes,	Lard,
Grasscloths,	Plaids,	Shirts & Collars,	Horse Shoe Nails,	Flour,
Swiss Muslins,	Sheetings,	Ties & Suspenders,	Grindstones,	Meal,
Victoria Lawns,	Cotton Yarns,	Pocket Knives,	Oils & Lead,	Kegs,
Jaconets,	Drillings,	Knives & Forks,	Varnishes,	Tubs,
Bl'ched Domestic,	Cambrics,	Nails,	Drugs, Dye Stuffs,	Rope,
Ladies' Ties,	Osnabergs,	Axes,	Pat'nt Medicines,	Corn.
Ladies' Collars,	Flannels.	Hammers,	Leather,	Chop.
Ladies' Cuffs,	Hickory Shirtings,	Saws,	Crockery,	Oats,
Ladies' Hosiery,	Bed Ticking,	Glass,	Stationery,	Rye,

Paints, Notions of every description, White Goods, Trunks and Valises, Sole, Harness and Upper Leather, Blankets, Oil Cloths, Table Linens, Napkins, Umbrellas, &c. A large assortment of all colors and numbers of J. & P. Coats' SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON, always on hand, at same prices and on same terms that it is sold by the largest jobbing houses in America. You will save freight by buying from us. We continue to keep

Best Assortment of ALPACAS in Town,

and offer inducements in Ladies' Dress Goods. We are Sole Agents for the Winchester Cassimeres, Boots and Shoes, which are so well and favorably known that it is only necessary to state that we will offer this year a greater variety of both than ever before. Every pair of Shoes and Boots fully warranted.

It is a conceded fact that we carry a larger and better assorted stock and sell more Boots and Shoes than any house in this county.

Our Wholesale Department will be more complete this year than ever before, and we are fully prepared to meet all competition both here and elsewhere, and ask our country merchants to make a note of this.

20,000 BAGS FOR SALE, ON LIBERAL TERMS, THIS SPRING, OF

ALLISON & ADDISON'S

"STAR BRAND"

COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO.

Dried Fruits & Country Produce taken in exchange for Merchandise.

We invite all to come and examine our Stock and Prices before purchasing.

N. H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth,
THOS. H. PEGRAM, Jr., of Winston,
J. W. MARTIN, of Davie,
W. H. BYNUM, of Stokes,
E. F. WALL, of Surry,
Respectfully,

Are with us as Salesmen, and invite their friends and acquaintances to call and see them.

April 10, 1880. HINSHAW BROTHERS

NEW GOODS

AT THE OLD STAND OF F. FRIES,

SALEM, N. C.

IN ORDER TO SUPPLY THE INCREASING DEMAND FOR GOODS AT THIS OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE, I have had a buyer in the Northern cities to make selections in person, and now have ready for inspection

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK,

to which I invite the attention of my old

Wholesale and Retail Customers,

and all who may wish to buy.

The stock is FULL in every branch, including

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, &c., &c.

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the attractions, but would particularly call attention to the fine selection of SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, PLAIDS, OPERA, RED AND WHITE FLANNELS, REPELLANTS, CASHMERES, NOTIONS, GENTLEMEN'S & LADIES' FINE MERINO UNDERWEAR, ZIEGLER & BROTHER'S HAND SEWED BOOTS, AND LADIES' FINE SHOES.

I will also sell, as heretofore, the Goods of F. & H. FRIES, HOLT'S, RANDLEMAN'S AND CONCORD PLAIDS. Also the different brands of RANDOLPH SHEETINGS at FACTORY PRICES.

I have the agency for the sale of J. & P. COAT'S CELEBRATED SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON, at PHILADELPHIA PRICES. This thread is acknowledged to have no superior in the market.

I also continue the agency of the justly celebrated

AVERY PLOWS,

which have, by numerous trials, proved to be superior to any heretofore introduced in this section. In addition to their excellence, the price should induce every farmer to buy them.

Give me a call, and I will satisfy you that I intend to sell you

A GOOD BARGAIN

in anything I have to offer, as I have bought exclusively for CASH thereby giving my customers the benefit of all cash discounts, and will sell my goods at a very short profit.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 23, 1879. H. W. FRIES.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1880.

LOCAL ITEMS.

HANDS WANTED.

Girls wishing work in a Cotton Factory should see or write to

F. & H. FRIES,
Salem, N. C.

—The name of Tom's Creek Postoffice has been changed to Bliss.

—Dr. Shaffner's Drug Store makes a neat appearance, being repainted.

—Thanks to Frank. M. Murchison, of New York, for several papers of interest.

—Last Friday was the warmest day of the season, and particularly hard on the harvesters.

—A Leap Year Picnic will take place at Red Plains, Yadkin county, on Saturday next, 19th inst.

—We were shown a walking cane, at Wm. Detmar's shop, the property of Dr. Wheeler, and made by Sitting Bull.

—Services were held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Sunday evening last, and continue every night during the week.

—We notice several fine horses, *en route* to the new race track, a few miles east of town. When will the first race take place?

—Our notice of Sam Reed's mammoth pumpkins seems to have reached Illinois, as we learn Mr. Reed has had a call from that State for some of the seed.

—Thomas Wilkins, a well known and respectable citizen of the Buffalo Meeting-house neighborhood, died on his birthday, June 5th, in his 88th year.

—Notice of Concert and Commencement exercises will be given next week, as we go to press, on Wednesday evening before the Concert. The full rehearsal of Tuesday evening was entirely satisfactory, many of our citizens and visiting friends being present.

—On Friday afternoon last, Charles Fisher, in the employ of Fogle Brothers, hurt his hand badly by getting it caught in a machine known as "the stamper," used for cutting the places on tobacco boxes, where the Revenue stamp is fixed. Two of his fingers were cut off and a third badly injured.

—The Odd Fellows of Salem Lodge, No. 36, and Winston Lodge, No. 106, I. O. O. F, were honored last week with a visit from B. H. Woodell, of Raleigh, one of the most prominent Odd Fellows in North Carolina. He exemplified the work to Salem Lodge on Friday morning, and to Winston Lodge on Friday evening.

—Salem is well supplied with grocery stores. Besides the regular mercantile houses, where groceries are always kept, we have, D. A. Spaugh, H. D. Lott, Mr. Howard, Sam'l. Miller, B. F. Crosland and N. T. Shore & Co. Four of them are within a stone's throw of each other on Main street. Business represented as fair.

—The new Protestant Methodist Church, Mt. Zion, situated near the Pilot mountain, on the line of the counties of Stokes and Forsyth, and built by Ellis M. Long, will be dedicated to divine worship on the third Sunday in August. Rev. Mr. Page, of Winston, will deliver the dedication sermon at 11 o'clock.

—If the Poet who wrote—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"

had lived in a neighborhood where a darkey nightly operates on an old banjo, he might have added:

Likewise to keep a fellow awake half the night, and rob him of his rest.

—The young men of Salem and Winston will give a complimentary sociable to the ladies of both towns, at the Salem Hotel, on the evening of the 17th inst.

Managers.—Capt. J. F. Hellen, Prof. D'Anna, P. A. Wilson, Jr.

Committee of Invitation.—C. W. Vogler, M. N. Williamson, John A. Brown, W. C. Crist, B. M. Rose.

Floor Managers.—R. Cotton, W. O. Shelburn, E. P. Albea.

—Rev. E. Rondthaler's sermon last Sunday morning had special reference to the close of the session of Salem Academy, and the remarks addressed to the young ladies of the Institution were appropriately impressive. The graduating class will no doubt long remember the words of encouragement received on the occasion. The sermon at night also, was a most excellent one.

—Most of the wheat has been cut, and we learn that it will be short in some localities, while a good average crop is reported in others. The probability is that the crop will not be as good as last year, though it is hard to say at this time, as it may yet turn out an average crop. The more elevated localities in this vicinity appear to have the best crops.

—A few days since, Lemuel M. Mendenhall, near Friedberg, in this county, had just loaded his rifle, and placed his thumb on the muzzle, when his son John drew his ramrod from his shot gun, having also just finished loading. The ramrod slipped from John's fingers and struck the hammer of his father's gun, causing it to go off, the ball tearing his father's thumb, grazing his cheek, and passing through the brim of his hat near his head. Mr. Mendenhall's thumb is badly lacerated. This is another warning to be careful in handling firearms.

—O. K. W. Howard, late of Winston, occupies the Fulkerson stand, which has been much improved by being lowered within a step of the pavement. Mr. Howard will keep groceries, fruits, &c.

—The Wednesday evening concert of the Salem Home Sunday School, was a pleasant affair. The singing was good, and the recitations well given. The subject of the entertainment was "Christiana and her Children," from 2nd part of Pilgrims' Progress, and the pictorial illustrations by the sciopticon were unusually distinct and fine. We only wish the audience had been larger.

—Uncle Jake, of the mill wagon, tooted his horn rather louder than usual, on Wednesday morning; but when he forks over that quarter which he has wagered that Grant will be the Democratic nominee for President, next Tuesday, we'll go him another quarter that his tooting will be quite different.

—Another freshet on Muddy creek and its tributaries, on Thursday last. Corn on bottom lands was damaged and lots of fencing washed away. We hope these "washings out" of old ponds, will have a healthy effect in the neighborhoods where they occurred. We learn much old rotten timber, &c., has been thrown up high and dry out of the bottoms, where it had lain for many years. In several localities the high water marks of previous freshets were covered.

—An old German friend while giving in his tax list the other day, was asked his age.

"Fifty-three," was the answer.

"You must be mistaken," said the lister, you look to be younger than that.

"Vell, let me dells you mein vrend!" exclaimed our teutonic friend, getting excited, "if you don't pelief vot I dells you, yust go to Yarmany und look in der church books."

His age was put down at fifty-three by the tax-lister.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District for the week ending Saturday, June 12th, 1880:—

Monday	$2,355 47
Tuesday	4,538 22
Wednesday	2,724 79
Thursday	2,286 98
Friday	2,301 65
Saturday	3,617 56
Total	$18,004 67

—The patience displayed by a berry peddler, recently, scarcely has a parallel. She called at a house about five o'clock in the morning, and by repeated knocking succeeded in arousing the man of the house, who, when asked if he wished to buy any berries, told her to wait till he went and saw his wife about it; but instead of going to see his wife he slipped back to bed, and after a couple of hours when he arose and went to the door, who should he see but the berry peddler sitting on the steps, patiently waiting for his wife's answer.

—A little child of Frank Whitfield, 7 miles from town, fell into a well a few days since. The father was at some distance from the house, but the alarm being given, he arrived in time to slide down the well rope and succeeded in catching his child just as he was sinking for the last time. A neighbor hearing the screams, ran to the spot and drew up the father and child in safety. A vicious dog had attacked the generous neighbor and severely bit his leg, of which he was not aware until the excitement had subsided. The child will recover. Wells should be covered closely, especially where children are romping about the yard.

—The Male Academy Entertainment passed of well. Several of the boys spoke well, and the improvement of style and manner of speaking is very apparent. The following programme was observed:

1. Chorus.—Onward.
2. Recit.—The Burial of Moses.....*Alexander.*
   Bernard Pfohl.
3. Recit.—"Drive on!".....*Anon.*
   Aurelius Dicks.
4. Recit.—La Parisienne.....*Delavigne.*
   Frank Stockton.
5. Duo and Chorus.—The Curfew,
   Henry Keehln and Frank Stockton.
6. Recit.—Tallien against Robespierre. *Coleridge.*
   Glenn Williams.
7. Dialogue.—From Henry VII. Scene IV. The White and Red Roses, *Shakespeare.*
   Somerset—Henry Keehln.
   Suffolk—Aurelius Dicks.
   Warwick—Frank Vogler.
   Plantagenet—Glenn Williams.
   Vernon—Rufus Spaugh.
   A Lawyer—Williams Brooks.
8. Heads.....*Anon.*
   Edward Crosland.
9. Duo and Chorus.—Old Friends and and old Times,
   Irwin Douthit and Samuel Peterson.
10. Recitation.—From Cicero's Oration against Mark Anthony,
    Walter Spaugh.
11. The Twins.....*Anon.*
    Frank Wimmer.
12. Vocal Trio.—Music on the Waves,
    Henry Shaffner, Frank Vogler and Frank Stockton.
13. Recitation.—From Cicero's Oration against Catiline,
    Frank Vogler.
14. Recit.—Catiline's Defiance.....*Croly.*
    Henry Shaffner.
15. Dialogue.—Abu Kassem's Sandals.
    Members of the Third Class.
    Abu Kassem—William Pfohl.
    The Kadi—Drew Patterson.
16. Recit.—Rienzi's Address.....*Mitford.*
    Henry Keehln.
17. Chorus.—Columbia.

The Fall Term will open (D. V.) Wednesday, August 18th, 1880.

Rev. A. Lichtenthæler retires from the school, and Rev. L. B. Wurruschke takes his place. Messrs. Kerner and Hall are both good and energetic teachers, and the school will be fully as good as heretofore. We hope to see a large attendance next session.

—The Lexington *Exchange* in speaking of various places in Davidson, says:

Fork Church is located in a healthy and beautiful section in Davie county 2 miles west of Fulton at the junction of the Salisbury and Mocksville roads. The Baptists have there a new, large and elegant house of worship, Rev. Wm. Turner pastor, and near a very neat two-story frame academy; and there are besides several good dwellings, three stores, a tobacco factory, blacksmith shop and shoe shop. It is a thriving little village surrounded and supported by well-to-do farmers. The church there, we learn, is incorporated by an act of the legislature, and no intoxicating drinks can be sold within two miles of the church.

The Academy is under the management of Prof. C. A. Rominger. The recent closing exercises were a complete success. Rev. J. B. Brown, of Statesville deliverd the address upon the subject of Education. It was appreciated and very instructive.

The Associational High School.

This Institution, which is an enterprise of the Yadkin Baptist Association, and located at Boonevill, closed its first session on the 9th inst.

The Address was delivered at 11 o'clock, A. M., by F. T. Baldwin, Esq., It was well conceived, and well delivered.

The afternoon was devoted to declamations, by the students. They all, considering their limited practice, acquitted themselves with much credit.

The Sermon, which was able and eloquent, was delivered at night by Rev. H. A. Brown, of Winston, N. C.

ONE PRESENT.

NEW SPRING PLACE MISSION,
CHEROKEE NATION,
June 7th, 1880.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—To-day three weeks ago, I left Kernersville and have not heard from home since. No doubt there is news and letters at the Post-office, but then it is 25 miles away and is not doing me any good. You daily mailers would think yourselves out of the pale of civilization if you had to fare in this way, and yet I am on what was once a stage road with four horse coaches from Pierce city, Missouri, by Fort Gibson to Sherman, in Texas. Now the Railroad has turned all the travel, and the people are thrown back 50 years, and the public highway has become so narrow that you can hardly drive through with a top buggy on account of the bushes.

If I remember right, my last letter left me on the express train between Washington and Cincinnatti, going at the rate of 40 miles an hour. Some persons may sleep going at that speed, but I cannot, so I passed the night listening to the snoring of the sleepers around me, and get what glimpses of the country I could in passing along by the help of the beautiful moonlight. But at last day came and opened up to my enraptured vision a grand panorama of mountain scenery I shall not attempt to describe, and I passed over a number of places that I could see hundreds of feet below me, and the only thing that saved us from going down was my leaning on the other side, and I imagined that from the the smell, some of my neighbors had something stronger to drink than water, and the only chance to get at it must have been while passing through the tunnels in the mountains, and there is no end to them along here. At Clarksburg we had a good breakfast, and I was the first one to get up from the table, and the man who took the pay said, "go back and eat some more, you have not got the worth of your money yet. You have still ten minutes to go on before the train starts." I told him I had eaten enough, paid my 75 cents, and got on the train. I suppose the reason he was so concerned about me was, that his conscience was not quite at ease yet, as it has only been about a week since they have raised from 50 cents to 75 cents per meal.

My interest was considerably aroused when we got into the State of Ohio, and I wanted to see how things looked there. Well, I saw crooked rail fences and log houses and an old fashioned sash saw mill, just as we have them in North Carolina, and they have not even got a *Stock Law* yet! At Chilicothe we had dinner, and here along the Sciota is a beautiful country and fine land. We arrived at Cincinnatti about sundown, and here we changed cars for the worse. It was the old song, I could not sleep, but as the moon shined nearly all night I enjoyed my ride, and daybreak found us whirling through Illinois, and the land looked rich and the crops fine, especially the wheat, which in some places lay flat on the ground. The country here is flat, the soil black, and in wet weather it must be terribly muddy. Between 7 and 8, A. M., we came into St. Louis, and here, at the Union Depot, I expected to meet Rev. J. B. Lineback, but he was not there; so I bought a ticket on the Missouri & Kansas Railroad, and left St. Louis at 9 o'clock, A. M. I wanted a ticket for Gibson Station, but could only get one to Vinita, why I do not know, as I had been offered a ticket at Greensboro all the way to Gibson, but as I expected to stop in Missouri I did not take it. At Sadalia, in Missouri, we changed cars. A good part of the route to-day was right on the banks of the Missouri river, and I must confess, as to its size, it was not more than half as wide as I expected, but they said it was unusually low, for the time in the year, and I saw but one boat going up. Navigation seems played out where Railroads come along.

After we left Sadalia, my attention was drawn to what seemed to be an unusual big farm, part in cultivation and the rest covered with sheep and cattle. I kept looking, and finally the light began to dawn. We were going over the Prairie, and here I was on the edge of that vast plain, extending to the Rocky Mountains, and upon the map of my school-boy days known only as the great "American Desert," the home of the Indian and the Buffalo, and the impression upon my mind is the same as when I for the first time saw the ocean. I had enough to occupy me until the sun went down, not behind the hills, but as it were submerging himself into the ocean. The sunsets are exactly similar, and both intensely grand. Another thing, before the sun was gone the man that lighted the lamps on the train came round and lit up, and I would have liked to have asked him what made him in such a hurry, but I didn't. But directly I guaged that too, and found I had got another wrinkle in Western life, for no sooner was the sun gone than it was dark, no beautiful half-hour twilight like at home. Again night, and it was the some old story, no sleep. This was the fourth night, but there was something else bothered me, and that was my Railroad ticket. I found upon inquiry, that I would get to Vinita at 3 o'clock in the morning, and that my stopping place ought to be Muscogee, in the Choctaw Nation, and that from there there was a hack to Fort Gibson, seven miles, and from there to Tahlequah 22 miles, and if I stopped at Vinita I was still 70 miles above Muscogee, and would have to lay over till the next night before I could go on. About midnight there was a rough looking customer boarded the train, and took his seat about two seats behind me, and began to talk to the man beside him, and at last I heard him say that he lived in Muscogee, and directly I thought there is your chance, and at the very station the man that sat beside him left. I went and took his place, and told my story, and when I got through he said, "stranger, I'll fix that, and we'll sail into Muscogee together, you bet." He was acquainted with the conductor, and when he came round he told him, and the conductor told me to pay him the fare from Vinita to Muscogee, and he took down the number of my check, and had my trunk transferred, and we went right along, and my rough friend proved a pleasant companion. His name was McMickle, he was a Pennsylvanian by birth, but his father moved to Iowa just about the time he was grown, but he came down South and got a position as wagon master to the Government wagons hauling supplies to Fort Sills, and said he trembled for his scalp more than once in their onsets with the Co[illegible]. He helped to build the Tex[illegible] and is now; he has a Choctaw wife and lives at Muscogee. While engaged in conversation, a young New Yorker, who had been lying asleep some few seats off, waked up and after a while became interested and came and sat down by us and began to ask questions of my friend, and he became interestingly communicative and told some wonderful stories of his achievements with Indians and wild beasts, and the hair-breadth escapes he had made.

I pretended to dose off into a slumber and let them talk, and as soon as it was day-light he set the young man to watching for wolves on the Prairie, and soon had him wrought up to the highest pitch when we landed at Muscogee, where the train stops for breakfast. Everybody rushed into the dining room with their hats on and began to eat. I went into the wash-room and had a good wash, then sat down and took it leisurely, my traveling sorrows on the train for the present being over. When I was about done eating, the host said, "friend, you have but two minutes, when the train leaves." I got up and asked what was to pay; he said 75 cents. I threw down a fifty and a quarter, and asked him when the stage would leave for Fort Gibson. He said, "in half an hour, are you going there?" I said "yes;" "here" he said, and pushed the quarter back to me. "we pay men for staying in this country. I only charge you 50 cents for your breakfast." About the time the hack came along, my friend McMickle was on hand, and said, "well, parson, I did not mean them big stories for you, but for our young friend." I said, "never mind, Mr. Mac, I did not take them in." He laughed a big laugh, jerked up my trunk, and put it on the hack for me, and said: "Parson, when you come back call on me. Good-bye," and he gave my hand a grip that made it ache for an hour after. C. L. R.

Haunted Me.

Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which do no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit costs.—*A Workingman.*

☞ WANTED!
40,000 SPOKES IMMEDIATELY,
at Waughtown.

—A splendid assortment of Toy Books at the Salem Bookstore.

☞ Jenny Lind *Cantelope Seed*, warranted fresh and genuine. Enquire at the Bookstore.

—50 ASSORTED CARDS; with name neatly printed, sent by mail to any address for 15 cents.

—25 FINEST CARDS, with name neatly printed, sent by mail, to any address, for 60 cents.

MARRIED.

On the 30th of May, at East Bend, by G. A. Horn, Esq., L. W. OVERBY to Miss C. A. MICKEY.

DIED.

In this place, on Tuesday evening of last week, SUSAN BIDDLE, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. K. W. Howard.

At the residence of Timothy Fishel, in Davidson county, DANIEL ROTHROCK, aged nearly 86 years.

In this County, on the 12th inst., Miss CARRIE BUTNER, daughter of William and Mary Butner, aged 13 years and 4 days.

—Charles Hoover, a very old and respected citizen of Davidson county died on the 5th.

MORTGAGE SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A MORTGAGE DEED, executed by B. F. Crosland and wife, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Forsyth County, North Carolina, in Book 9, I will sell on the 24th day of June, 1880, at public auction, at the Court-house door, in the town of Winston, N. C., the following real estate described in said mortgage, to-wit: A lot or parcel of land, situate in the town of Winston, and bounded as follows: Beginning on corner of Main and Third street, and running thence East on Third street 100 feet; thence North with A. B. Gorrell's line, 60 feet, to Martin Grogan's corner; thence with said Grogan's line West 30 feet; thence South 30 feet to P. A. Wilson's and B. F. Crosland's corner; thence West with said Wilson and Crosland's line, 70 feet to Main street; thence South with said street, 30 feet to the beginning, being a part of Lot No. 60, in the plan of said town of Winston, containing 3,900 square feet, more or less.

Terms of sale cash. Time of sale 12, M., June 24, 1880.

T. R. PURNELL,
May 20, 1880. Attorney for Mortgagee.

A. C. VOGLER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS OF

FURNITURE,

COFFINS,

CASKETS, &c.,

MAIN STREET,

SALEM, N. C.

I have a new HEARSE and am prepared to attend burials at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Undertaking in all its branches. A. C. V.

May 6, 1880.—18

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTICAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.

March 21—26-12—1 year.

1880. 1880.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED at Mrs. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,

for the Spring and Summer of 1880, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT.

Salem, N. C., April 8, 1880.

SUPERLATIVE

BAKING POWDER.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Absolutely Pure.

THE SUPERLATIVE BAKING POWDER is the standard article of the *United States* for strength and purity. The best article for general baking purposes.

It is the Cook's Favorite.

Warranted perfectly pure and superior to any thing of the kind now in the market, for healthfulness and strength, producing at all times the

Most Delicious Cookery.

For sale by Grocers or sent direct by mail on receipt of sixty (60) cents for one pound cans. Sold in Cans only.

Full Strength Guaranteed.

Address

SUPERLATIVE

Baking Powder Company,

143 Chambers St., New York.

Show this to your Grocer.

April 1, 1880.

FLAGG'S

IMPROVED PATENT LIVER PAD!

NEVER GETS HARD.
CAN BE MADE ANY STRENGTH DESIRED. LAST TWICE AS LONG.

Diseases Cured Without Drugging the System.

CURES

Chills and Fever, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Costiveness, Female Weakness, Sick & Nervous Headache.

These Pads Cure all Diseases by Absorption. No Noxious Pills, Oils, or Poisonous Medicines are taken into the Stomach. The Pads are worn over the Pit of the Stomach, covering the Great Nerve Centres, also the Liver and Stomach. A gentle Vegetable Tonic is absorbed into the circulation of the Blood and Liver, purifying the Blood, stimulating the Liver and Kidneys to healthy action, and strengthening the Stomach to digest food. PRICE OF PADS $1 AND $2 EACH. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, or sent by Mail or Express.

Manufactured at 39 & 41 NORTH LIBERTY ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale in Winston at the Drug Stores of Montague & Gray, and S. H. Smith.

CHICKERING PIANOS

Other Pianos wear out

BUT THEY GO ON FOREVER.

VICTORS in all great contests and for 53 years past the acknowledged Standard of the World. Musical Perfection, Wonderful Durability and Reasonable Cost. True economy indicates purchase of a genuine Chickering and no other.

LAST CHANCE TO BUY CHEAP

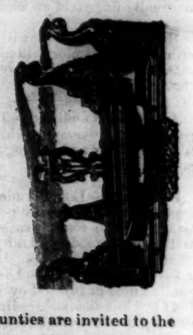
Chickering & Sons largely advanced their prices Feb. 1. Our old contracts expire April 1, and we will fill all orders received before that date at old rates. Our prices now are positively the lowest in America. Order now and save from $30 to $50 on the purchase. Present rates guaranteed only to April 1.

LUDDEN & BATES, Savannah, Ga.,
Wholesale Agents for Ga., Fla., S. C., N. C., & Ala.

ORGANS! PIANOS! MUSIC!

AND

GENERAL MUSICAL MERCHANDISE!



The people of Forsyth and surrounding Counties are invited to the

MUSIC STORE, MAIN ST., WINSTON,

to examine the stock of

FIRST-CLASS ORGANS and PIANOS.

W. P. ORMSBY is in direct connection with the leading manufacturers, and he calls the attention of all parties needing instruments, to the fact that he is established here in their own section, and as he intends making good every warrant he gives with the instrtments he sells, they will find it much safer to deal with him than with the dealers advertising from remote parts of the country.

This being a BRANCH HOUSE of the celebrated music publishers, DITSON & CO., of New York, customers can select from the newest and best music of the day. All orders filled, mail free, at publishers' rates.

Pianos and Organs repaired and tuned and Old Instruments taken in exchange.

Medical Men, Mechanics and Operators all recommend the famous light-running

Domestic Sewing Machine,

for the following reasons:

It is the Lightest running.
It is the most noiseless.
It is the simplest and best made machine.
Its tension is elastic, so it breaks no thread.
It carries a larger bobbin and more thread than any other machine.
It winds the bobbin without running the machine or throwing off the driving band.
It is made with *Concentric motions and will not wear out.*

The DOMESTIC has gone far ahead of all other machines in all the cities of the United States, and has never before been offered in competition with cheap machines.

For terms, for CASH or INSTALLMENT, call at the Company's

BRANCH OFFICE,

in the MUSIC STORE, Winston, opposite the Merchants Hotel.

Old Machines taken in Exchange,

W. P. ORMSBY, Agent.

WINSTON, N. C.

November 13, 1879. No. 46. 6mo.

Nissen Wagon Manufacturing Co

Wagons, Carts, Wheelbarrows, &c.

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WORKS AT Waughtown.

ESTABLISHED BY J. P. NISSEN, 1834.

Best is always cheapest in the end.

WE are better prepared for making wagons than ever before, having a much larger and better stock of thoroughly air-seasoned lumber, and the best wagon mechanics to be procured.

We employ no apprentices, and always endeavor to make

OUR WORK OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT

AND GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

All who use wagons must not forget that first-class work cost more and is worth more than cheap work.

We also keep a large stock of BUILDING LUMBER and LONG LEAF SHINGLES, at lowest prices.

Waughtown, Forsyth County, N. C., Feb 27, 1878—no9tf.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
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NORTH CAROLINA HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL Insurable Property, Against Loss or CLASSES OF Damage by Fire.

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

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J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.

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NOTION & VARIETY STORE,

SALEM, N. C.

REMOVED TO THE SELO BUILDING.

LADIES:

Anticipating a fine trade this season, we have bought largely, and now have the pleasure of inviting your attention to

AN ATTRACTIVE SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

at prices surprisingly cheap.

A beautiful line of Galloon and Hercules Braids, Ball and other Worsted Fringes, much in demand for Cloak and Dress Trimmings.

Newest styles in Buttons, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Neckwear, &c.

A full line of Zephyrs, Germantown and Shetland Wools always on hand.

Have just added to our Stock a nice line of Perfumeries, Hair Oils, &c.

We call particular attention to our beautiful line of Glass and Lava Ware suitable for Christmas and Birthday presents *just received*, consisting of Toilet Sets, Vases, Card Stands, &c.

☞ Those at a distance will be amply repaid by a visit to our Store.

In the selection of Goods the interest of the customer is kept constantly in view, knowing that taking care of those who buy of us is equivalent to taking care of ourselves, that is, winning our customers' confidence and their continued patronage.

Respectfully,

April 1880 J. BLICKENDERFER

TOPICS FOR THE FARM.

Currant Worms.—Air-slacked lime will destroy currant worms.

Encouraging.—In Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky the prospects are good for an unusually fine yield of wheat and fruit.

Hemlock.—A horse will not bite a crib made of hemlock lumber, nor will rats, mice, or other vermin gnaw through it.

A Healthy Condition.—The price of good stock is advancing, while poor stock is selling lower and getting to be a drug on the market.

Petroleum.—Light crude petroleum, applied with a brush, is a good preservative of shingle roofs, weather-boarding, and exposed woods generally.

Over-Feeding.—More horses are annually killed or injured by over-feeding and by injudicious feeding than by starving or most other causes.

Root Crops.—Root crops should be more cultivated than they are by our farmers. Soiling crops for summer use, and root crops for winter feed will rapidly grow into favor as they are experimented with.

Good Points.—To pass judgment upon the good qualities of a cow, keep the following points in mind: Good breeder; rich, long and large milker; easy milker with long teats; quiet disposition; good form; rich color; good escutcheon.

Kitchen Economy.—There is much refuse fat from the kitchen that can be turned to good account by feeding to the hens. Everything not wanted for drippings for cooking purposes should be boiled up.

Jute as a Worm Destroyer.—Several cotton-growers declare that the worms which have so devastated their crops have entirely disappeared where Indian jute is planted in or around the fields. The odor of the jute bloom seems repulsive to the insects.

Profitable Animals.—Moderately fat animals are the most profitable. Every fat animal has been feed at a loss during the latter part of its feeding. When an animal is ready for market sell it; if there is feed left, buy some more lean animals and feed them. "The nimble sixpence" brings the profit.

A Good Recipe.—A compound for the production of a first class farmer: One-third fact or experiment, one-third science and one-third common sense, thoroughly blended, and when applied to be so rubbed in that the compound shall form a component part of the individual.

Honey Bees.—You can, by removing the drone comb, prevent the raising of drones to a great extent, but the bees will always find some little corner in which to raise a few drones. By the use of foundation, the number of drones can be governed admirably.

Cabbage as Feed.—Cabbage, containing as it does a large per cent. of phosphoric acid, makes one of the most valuable kinds of food for young pigs, calves, chickens, etc. All young animals require a bountiful supply of phosphatic food to make bone and muscle. Young clover is next in value to cabbage.

Salt as a Fertilizer.—French and German authorities recommend the use of salt at the rate of 150 pounds per acre for clover and other leguminous plants; for wheat and flax, 250 pounds; and for barley and potatoes 800 pounds—to be sown broadcast in the spring season, before the herbage has attained any considerable growth.

Grass as Manure.—Green crops for manuring should not be plowed deeper than four inches; if they are turned under more than this they will not receive enough of solar heat atmospheric air to insure rapid decay, and when covered too deep their full beneficial effect cannot be realized till the next plowing, when they are brought nearer the surface.

The Chinese Method.—No Chinese farmer ever sows a seed of any kind of grain before it has been soaked in liquid manure diluted with water, and has begun to germinate; and experience has taught him that this operation not only tends to promote the growth and development of the plant, but also to protect the seed from the insects hidden in the ground.

A Common Fault.—The trouble with most persons who keep horses, no matter whether on farm for farm work, or for driving purposes, is they feed too much hay; and to this cause can be attributed the general sluggishness often manifested by the horses until they have been working a couple of hours, while the wind is also much impaired.

The Cream of the Joke.—A calf will draw milk in three minutes, and the nearer a milker can come to that time the better. A slow milker makes the cow impatient, and often causes her to hold up the milk. The strippings are the richest part, and if a cow is milked quickly, there will be more as well as richer milk, because of the strippings.

Hog Cholera.—Dr. Kinsman has been making an elaborate study of this disease, by which he states that $20,000,000 are lost annually in the United States. He concludes that the affection is a specific, contagious disease, peculiar to the species, and always accompanied with extensive peritonitis. It is not, as has been claimed, any form of anthrax or typhoid fever.

Ruminating Animals.—A correspondence of the *Country Gentleman* asserts that ruminating animals will do better on two good feeds a day than on more, for they have more time in which to ruminate their food. B. T. J., an old writer in the same paper, says: "If salt were used in agriculture to the extent it is profitable to use it, tons would be consumed where pounds are now.' He recommends sowing salt on strawberry fields, at the rate of half to a whole barrel per acre.

Pertinent Points.—One of our best exchanges says of spring garden work: Sweet corn should be planted every other week, from May 1 to July 4, if several varieties, all the better. The Mexican is the sweetest; Moore's Early and the Ever green are good. Green corn, fresh from the field and well masticated is as wholesome food as grows out of the ground. Insects will need looking after constantly. Ashes moistened with kerosene are said to be a good proventive of insect ravages. Do not neglect to plant out a good supply of strawberry, raspberry and blackberry plants, and currant bushes, for next year's fruiting. How about a grapevine to shade the south window of the kitchen closet, or the dairy room?

Hungarian Grass.—Comparatively few farmers raise this crop, though it is very productive and excellent for most kind of stock, if fed in the proper manner. The time between sowing and harvesting is shorter than for any field crop raised on farms. It is use ess in this latidude to sow it early in the season. To produce a good crop the entire growth of the plant must take place during the warm weather. If sown at the same time oats are, the plants will make a very slow growth, and will remain stunted during the entire season. The trouble some farmers have experienced with Hungarian hay has risen mainly from allowing the grass to remain uncut till the seed was nearly or quite ripe. It should be harvested as soon as the seeds form and before they have commenced to mature. Another difficulty has arisen from the amount of dust Hungarian grass often contains. As it grows on land that was recently plowed and harvested, and over the surface of which there is no sod, much dust is likely to be disturbed in raking and pitching the hay. This may be prevented very largely by cutting the grass quite high, and by gathering it when it is cured with a hand-rake instead of with a horse rake. If gathered in this way and pitched on the cart when the ground is moist with dew nearly all the dust usually found in Hungarian hay may be avoided.—*Chicago Times.*

Buckwheat.—A large portion of the buckwheat consumed in the West comes from the Eastern States and Canada. Every season several thousand bushels of this market from New York, where considerable attention is given to prooucing the grain. A large proportion of what is sold as buckwheat flour is not true to name. It is often a mixture of rye-meal and wheat middling, to which a minute portion of buckwheat is added. The market is generally pretty well supplied with what passes for buckwheat flour, whether the crop of buckwheat is large or small. Poor as its quality is, buckwheat flour generally sells for about the same price as the best article made from select white winter wheat. Now the yield of buckwheat is much larger than that of ordinary wheat, and it can be produced at much less trouble and expense. The seed costs very little, and the grain can be raised on land that would not return the seed of wheat, rye, or barley. All the work connected with producing a crop of buckwheat can be performed at times when other farm matters are not pressing. The land on which it is to be grown need not be plowed till midsummer, and the crop is not ready to cut till after all the common grains are harvested. Buckwheat is a good crop for small farmers to raise, as it is ordinarily harvest and thrashed by the use of hand tools. It is a good crop to raise for the purpose of subduing a tough sod. It is not an exhausting crop, like wheat and barley. A good business may be built up in supplying the market with a first-class article of buckwheat flour, put up in small packages suited to the wants of private families. Country millers would do well to look after this branch of trade.—*Chicago Times.*

Topics for the Household.

FRECKLES.—To prevent freckles take the greatest care to wipe the face perfectly dry.

SOFT SOAP.—Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar and not used until three months old.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.—Silk handkerchiefs should be washed with borax in tepid water, with little or no soap. Iron them before dry.

JUMBLES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg and flour enough to roll.

CLEANING COMBS AND BRUSHES.—Wash well with soda and set in the sun to dry; rinse them well and do not let the backs get wet.

POUND CAKE.—Take two cups of sugar and two of butter rubbed well together; add the yolks of ten eggs, the whites beaten stiff, three cups of flour, two spoonfuls of baking powder, and lemon extract.

GINGER SNAPS.—Six teaspoonfuls of lard, four of water, one of soda, one of ginger; put in a teacup; fill the cup with molasses; add sufficient flour to roll out thin and bake quickly.

PUDDING.—One quart of milk, six crackers, rolled fine, four eggs, three-fourths of a cup of sugar, nutmeg; frost with the whites of two eggs. One-half of the quantity makes enough for three persons.

COOKED MEATS.—A method of preserving cooked meats, patented in Australia, consists in packing it in wooden boxes, which are dipped in hot stearine and then allowed to cool with a coating of the wax.

FILLING FOR PIES OR TURNOVERS.—One fourth pound of raisins stoned and chopped, one cracker rolled fine, one egg, juice and grated rind of one lemon and nearly a cup of sugar. If used for pie use top crust.

MAKING SOUP.—A dumpling of bread about the size of a billiard ball, tied up in a linen bag and placed in the pot in which greens are boiling, will absorb the gasses which often times send such an unpleasant odor to the regions above.

CLEANING LAMP CHIMNEYS.—Lamp chimneys can be washed easily by holding them over the nose of the tea-kettle when the kettle is boiling furiously. This will make them beautifully clear. Of course they must be wiped with a clean cloth.

PURIFYING VESSELS.—All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long retained smells of every kind in the easiest and most perfect manner by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

GOOD RUSKS.—One pint of milk, one teacup of yeast, mix it thin; when light add twelve ounces of brown sugar; two ounces of butter, four eggs, flour sufficient to make stiff as bread; when risen again, mold and spread it on tins.

BOILED HAM.—Wash the ham thoroughly and let it soak in plenty of water, mixed with one pint of yeast over night; boil fresh water; add one pint of yeast, and put in the ham to boil slowly; a wisp of new hay put into the bottom of the kettle mellows the taste and keeps it from being burnt.

STRAWBERRY WINE.—To one quart of strawberry juice, add one quart of water and one pound of sugar. Stir well; let it ferment in an open jar. When it has entirely stopped fermenting draw off carefully and cork in bottles.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—Crush the fruit well, and add three quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of strawberries. Boil until clear and thick, being careful that it does not burn. Put in small jars or tumblers with brandied tissue paper over the top.

CURRANT WINE.—Crush and press the currants, which must be very ripe. To two quarts of juice add one quart of water and three and a half pounds of sugar. Stir well, and draw off as in strawberry wine. Sometimes half the water and sugar is put to the juice.

TO GLOSS SHIRT BOSOMS.—Take two ounces of powdered gum arabic, pour in a pint or more of water, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork, and keep it for use; add a teaspoonful of this gum water to a pint of starch made in the usual way.

TO CLEANSE COTTON GOODS.—Add to hot rain water an amount of wheat bran equal to one-eighth of the fabric to be cleansed, and after stirring well for five minutes, add the goods: stir them about with a clean stick and bring the articles to a boil. Allow the mixture to cool until the goods can be washed out, after which rinse them well.

TIP-TOP CAKE.—One egg, on teaspoonful of butter, a small cup of sweet milk, one and a half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, one teaspoonful of lemon extract; beat the egg, butter and sugar together till light; add the milk; sift the flour and powder together and add to the rest; last, put in your extract.

MUSTARD.—Mustard should be mixed with water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Hot water destroys its essential qualities and raw cold water might cause it to ferment. Put a small pinch of salt and mix with it very gradually sufficient boiling water to make it drop from the spoon without becoming watery.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound butter, one pound brown sugar, two pounds raisins, two pounds currants, ten eggs; beat yolks and whites seperately; one pound flour, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, mace and nutmeg, one large tablespoonful syrup, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder, one half pound of rum, one coffee cup milk; dredge fruit well with flour and bake in a moderate oven about three hours.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful extract of orange; beat the yolks and sugar together ten minutes, and the flour with powder sifted in, and the extract last; add the eggs (whites) beaten to a froth; bake in a well buttered tin in a steady oven thirty minutes.

DELICIOUS LEMON PIE.—Grate the yellow rind of the lemon and squeeze out the juice; beat the yolks of eight eggs with sixteen tablespoonfuls of sugar and four of butter; add half a teacupful of sweet milk and the whites of four eggs beaten stiff; add the lemon and bake in a rich crust; beat the remaining four whites with two spoonfuls of sugar and some grated nutmeg. When the pies are done spread this over the top and brown lightly.

TOMATO SOUP.—Six tomatoes peeled and sliced; pour over them one quart of boiling water, half teaspoonful of soda; when it stops foaming add one pint of sweet milk and season as for oysters with butter, pepper, salt and a little rolled cracker. Serve as soon as it boils. Canned tomatoes can be used just as well. This is very delicate and nice for a person who is getting able to eat after a fit of sickness.

One Man That Didn't Know Everything.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A woman was yesterday looking around the ferry dock as if in search of some one she knew, and she finally accosted an old lake captain with the query:

"Sir, are you a sailor?"

"I have sailed," he replied.

"There has been a great gale on the lakes?"

"Maybe there has. I know there has been one on land."

"You see I have a son on a schooner."

"Yes, maybe you have."

"And I'm afraid he was out in the storm."

"If you have a son on a schooner, and the schooner was out in the storm, it is likely your son was out, too."

"Do you think there was any danger?"

"I can't really say."

"But it blew terribly hard."

"Perhaps it did, madam; but as I was playing checkers most of the time, I can't say how hard it blew."

"If the schooner went down my son went down, too, didn't he?"

"Maybe so and may be not. I wouldn't like to give an opinion about that. Some sons go down with schooners and some don't."

"You haven't heard that the Daisy was lost, have you?"

"I shouldn't like to say I had or hadn't, but I probably haven't."

"Shall hear by to-morrow if she had, wouldn't I?"

"You might, and you might not."

When she had gone, an acquaintance, who had overheard the conversation, asked the captain why he didn't give direct answers. The old man drew himself up an inch or two and replied:

"Twenty-eight years ago I had an opinion to advance on almost any subject. One night the mate of my bark said that we were running her ashore on Long Point. I stuck to it that it was only a fog bank. In fifteen minutes she was high and dry, and I was $18,000 out of pocket. Since then what I do know I keep to hedge on, and what I don't know I keep locked up in my clam-shell until I can strike a rising market."

Not Such a Fool as He Looked.

During English elections there is always "lots of fun." The late Sir Henry Smith, who was for many years member for Colchester, when canvassing in person on one occasion, asked a big, dull-looking Essex farmer for his vote. The farmer was a fine specimen of mingled bucolic independence and of thick headedness; renowned, too, for his brusqueness, and he said bluntly, "I'd vote for you, Sir Henry, as usual, only folks tell me you're such a fool." "Fool am I?" retorted Sir Henry; "then, my good sir, I'm the very man to represent you." Down came the farmer's heavy hand upon Sir Henry's shoulder as he exclaimed, with a heavy laugh. "Come, I'm gormed if that aren't a good un! You're not such a fool as I thowt; and you shall have my vote; here's my hand upon it."

BE sincere and candid in all you say or do; perform your duty upon all occasions and without hesitancy; ultimately, if not at the moment, it will redound to your credit and to your benefit. It was "Wadsworth" who said:

What Butter Done for Grant.

A Columbus, Ohio, letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial* relates the following interesting story on the alleged authority of a Republican ex-Congressman of the State, who says that General Grant told it to him just before his first nomination for the Presidency: "When I was a boy," said Grant, "living in Georgetown, my mother ran out of butter one morning, and needing some before it could be had from the store, she sent me over to the next door neighbor's to borrow some. Well, I was just as well acquainted there as I was at home almost, and opened the door and went in without knocking, and just as I went in one of the folks, the old gentleman, I believe, was reading a letter from a son who was in West Point. Well, I didn't want to disturb them while they were reading the letter, and stood there and heard what was read. Well, the son said in this letter that he had been found—that is, he had failed to pass an examination, and he would have to come home, and he had sent the letter one mail ahead, so that the surprise at his return might not be so great. Well, when they got through I borrowed the butter and took it home, and then rushed down to Thomas L. Hamar's office—he was our Congressman then—and I asked him if he wouldn't send me to West Point. He told me that he couldn't send me until this other boy got through, and that wouldn't be for three years yet. 'But, Hamar,' said I, 'suppose this boy should fail to pass an examination, and should be sent home, will you send me then?' 'Well, Uly,' said he, 'I guess if he can't pass there'd be no use of your trying it.' 'But I want you to promise that you will send me,' said I. 'All right,' said he; 'if we can't get through I promise to let you try it.' Well, during the day Hamar heard about the other fellow, and the next day I went and asked if he had heard the news. He said he had, and, after laughing at me for the way I had got him to make the promise, he said it was all right, I should go. Well, I went, and because my mother happened to be out of butter has made me General of the Army of the United States, and I don't know, after all, but it may make me President."

Surviving a Dislocated Neck.

One of the most curious cases of accident which ever occurred in our city, and the facts of which have just leaked out, occurred on Saturday last, a week, late in the evening. As Mr. Jablecnik, the mail-carrier for the southern part of town, was crossing the railroad track at Thirteenth street, his horse became frightened at a passing train, and, dashing up the street, threw him at the corner of William and Thirteenth streets. Mr. Jablecnik, in falling, struck violently on his forehead, and was taken home very much bruised. It was then noticed that his head was twisted around toward his right shoulder, and could not be moved without pain, but the physician who was called in did not consider anything serious the matter, and after prescribing for his general condition, left him. During the early part of the week he became worse, and Dr. Chadwick was sent for. A careful examination of Mr. Jablecnik's neck, which was greatly swollen and very painful, led to the conclusion that a partial dislocation of the first two bones of the neck, the atlas and axis, had taken place. The neck was greatly twisted and very painful, and partial paralysis of the nerves which affect the respiration was also found to exist. Fearing to attempt any reduction of the dislocation, which is always a very dangerous and often a fatal operation, the doctor left him for the night, determined the next day to hold a consultation, and put the man under chloroform while the operation was performed.

The next morning, when he arrived, he found that the neck had slipped back into its socket during the man's turning on his pillow. The pressure on the pneumo-gastric nerves, however, had not been taken away, and last evening the patient was still in a very critical condition, owing to the extreme difficulty in respiration, and the filling up of the lungs with serum.

The case is a very singular one, indeed, and should the patient recover he may well congratulate himself on his recovery.—*Omaha Bee.*

The Training That Girls Need.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Mrs Abba Gould Woolson has been giving Boston some common sense notions about "The Training That Girls Need." In a paper read before the Moral Education Society, she pronounced ill-health a luxury that enormously increased the cost of living. She advised mothers to keep their girls from their own fate, and she asserted that girls should be made to lead a quiet life on a simple die until they are fully grown; that they should exercise freely in the open air; that housework should be done by them in carefully ventilated rooms; that their dress should be radically changed, so that no longer shall their vital organs be compressed or their hips weighed down with a mass of cloth that no man would willingly carry. Compliance with these rules, she believed, would give to the world a nobler, healthier race of women. The object of a girl's mental training should be, she said, to enable her to reason, not to fill her brain with superficial ideas. The processes applied to women's minds that are now devoted to the education of men, she considered, would bring the same results. She advised that girls pursue with thoroughness the disciplinary studies. Next to this she would place the perceptive faculties, in which woman is now much more proficient than man. Women should also be acquainted more or less intimately with physiology, natural philosophy, the laws of mechanics, chemistry, political economy, the characteristics of a republican form of government, rhetoric, and natural sciences, all of which are far more important to the girl than the modern languages. First of all parental duties, Mrs. Woolson placed that of fitting children, and especially girls, to earn an honorable living, no matter how wealthy their family may be, since no one is beyond the reach of possible poverty.

SOME folks pretend to say that Theodore Thomas will try to lead the music of the angels or raise a row when he gets to heaven.—[*Detroit Free Press.* As if a man who has lived six months in Cincinnati is ever going to get to heaven.—[*Courier-Journal.* A Cincinnati man wouldn't be so apt to lead an orchestra as to play the lyre, in heaven.

IT will cost the government at least $5,000 trying to ascertain who clipped Cadet Whittaker's ears; and the chances are that it will not find out.

A WEAK mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.—*Chesterfield.*

Birmingham Toys.

[Saturday Review.]

Sword-blades and gun-barrels were among the heaviest products of Birmingham manufacture in the seventeenth century. Of foundries for cannon there were none. "There exists," Mr. Dent writes, "a popular error among those who know our town but imperfectly, picturing Birmingham as grimy with the dense smoke of furnaces, echoing with the clangor of forges gleaming with great fires. No picture of the town could be wider of the mark. Scarcely a bar of pig of iron has ever been smelted within its boundaries; there was a solitary furnace at Aston, where the blast was blown by a water-wheel, and one of the first steam engines in this neighborhood was erected to supply its place." Even this furnace was blown out before 1795, and some cinders from its calx were cut and polished by an ingenious townsman, who "set them in rings and brooches, and sold them as fragments of Pompey's Pillar." The name itself by which the great industry of the town in its many branches was known during the eighteenth century sufficiently indicates its character. The trade of Birmingham was the "toy trade," and the great factory at Soho was established in 1704 by Matthew Boulton for the making of "toys." This word derives its current meaning from an original use for "petty commodities or trifles," and in its trade sense represented buckles, clasps, chains and an endless variety of small articles of hardware.

THE Crown Prince of Denmark never makes a speech. He rises, bows, and says: "I don't to-day well feel," and sits down amidst long-continued applause.

The man who scolds his crying baby and is too mean to invest 25 cents in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, should be divorced.

SUNDAY SCHOOL teacher—"Annie, what must we do to be forgiven?" Annie—"We must sin."

Feeble digestion, sick headache, dizziness and faintness cured by Malt Bitters.

RECEIPT for making your own eye water.—Stick your finger in it

In Powder Form.

Vegetine put up in this form comes within the reach of all. By making the medicine yourself you can, from a 50c. package containing the barks, roots and herbs, make two bottles of the liquid Vegetine. Thousands will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity, who have the conveniences to make the medicine. Full directions in every package.

Vegetine in powder form is sold by all druggists and general stores. If you cannot buy it of them, enclose fifty cents in postage stamps for one package, or one dollar for two packages, and I will send it by return mail.

H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

A Household Need.

A book on the Liver, its diseases and their treatment sent free. Including treatises upon Liver Complaints, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., Will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days' trial. See their advertisement in this paper headed, "On 30 Days' Trial."

Lyon's Heel Stiffeners keep boots and shoes straight. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

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